NEW ENGLAND FARMER

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

"The Autumn has tinged the trees with gold,
And crimsoned the shrubs of the hills;
And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold;
And hope all the universe fills."

CTOBER, in New England, has a climate probably not equalled by that of any other portion of the world; not surpassed, certainly, under the often-boasted Italian skies.

There is an inexpressible charm in the first gatherings of the family around the pleasant sitting-room fire, and in the frosty mornings, as well as in the bright sun, and the pure, elastic air we breathe.

Mr. Beecher calls this the "painted month. Every green thing loves to die in bright colors. The vegetable cohorts march out of the year in glowing, flaming dresses, as if to leave the earth were a triumph, and not a sadness. It is not Nature ever that is sad; but only we that dare not look back on the past, and that have not her prophecy of the future in our bosoms.

"But there is as much *life* in Autumn as death, and as much creation and growth as passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf has dropt until a bud has borne it. Already another year is hidden along the boughs; another summer is secure among the declining flowers."

October has its distinctive character—indeed, every month has—and is crowded with things beautiful to him whose mind is active, and who has his eyes open to observe. But it has its peculiarities—it is, as has been said by Mr. Beecher, the "painted month"—the "month, above all others, for the artist to ply his delightful task of fixing the fugitive beauties of the scene; which, however, he must do quickly, for they fade away, day by day, as he looks upon them." The Summer birds have mostly gone; a few flit from place to place, lighting on the ripened weeds and grasses, and feeding on their seeds; their notes have a softened and melancholy tone, as they come nearer and nearer our dwellings, and seem more social than in the hey-day of life. The grass-hoppers have grown lusty, and big black crickets resort to the heated sand to warm their old limbs; but when evening comes, in the kitchen hearth, or under some cozy tuft, they pitch their sonorous pipes and make the night vocal with their songs. During the month of October there are many evenings and nights of surpassing beauty; a clear atmosphere enables us to see innumerable stars, and the moon, with apparently new beauties. And then to him who will observe some of the phenomena of Autumn, there is ample opportunity of experiencing "the physical force of atmospheric motion in every degree; the gentle zephyr floating the thistle-down and undulating corn; the fresh breeze rippling the surface of the stream, and the tempest-blast whirling the dead leaves in every direction, and sometimes overwhelming the work of man with ruin and destruction."

In July, the fields are lively with the haymakers; in August, they gathered the grain; in September bent over the potato hills, and now in October, comes the Indian corn harvest, this, and the hay harvest, being the great agricultural staples of New England. Now, too, comes the pleasant husking parties, where all the old stories of the year are repeated with new unction. But, alas! the times are sadly changed; the girls not only decline to husk, though assured that some red ears may be found, but to bake the beans and boil the coffee for the midnight supper! Husking corn has lost its charm. Basque waists, Honiton lace and drapery sleeves are in the ascendant! Well, we like to see them, after all, and so

will husk a little later ourselves to make up the loss!

But there are many other things to be done in beautiful October. We wish we were a poet so that we could sing its charms. We have an inspiration, but cannot whip it into measure; so we give it up and

Gather the Apples.—The last week in September is the time with many to do this work—but much depends on the weather. If frosts are severe they should be gathered early—if not, let them hang. Do not allow one to be in the least bruised that is intended for winter. Separate them into grades—the first grade will be likely to sell for as much as the whole if they were mixed.

Make the Cider.—Ten gallons of dirty stuff, compounded of villanous drugs, are used where one gallon of vinegar is used, made of pure cider.

The Potatoes are probably dug, sorted, and placed in winter quarters.

The Seed Corn is selected, of ears that ripened first.

Draining.—See, particularly, that the wheat fields are properly drained, and so that no surface water will rest upon them.

Pruning.—Towards the last of the month pruning may be done with propriety. Cover the wounds with shellac dissolved in alcohol—apply it with a small brush. Shape young trees in the nursery.

Transplant apple trees. There is no better time.

The Garden.—As an experiment, trench a portion of the garden, even if it be but a small piece, 18 inches deep and note the effect on the crops next year, other things being equal. Lay out and tie up raspberries; dress strawberries; plant out hardy bulbs; and do all that may be done in the garden so as to save time in the spring.

Visits.—Take a pleasant afternoon and go and see how others are managing their farms.

For the New England Farmer.

GUANO.

Mr. Editor:—My object in writing at this time is to inquire, through your columns, how the farmers who bought guano for manure last spring, have succeeded in using it, for I think it is only by actual experiments upon our own soil, that we shall learn to apply it aright. The hope that others may be induced to communicate their experiments with it, influences me in giving mine. I trust you will excuse me for giving so particular a statement of my small experiment with it.

Last spring I purchased a bag of guano of J. Breck & Son. On the 22d of April I spread six pounds of it on two square rods of grass land; the land was moist. Its effect upon the grass was soon apparent; it gave the grass a very luxuriant growth in a few weeks. On the first of June there was twice as much upon it as there was upon the part where none was applied. About the middle of June a rust, or blight, appeared upon the spot where the guano was put; the rust did not show itself much upon the rest of the field. On the 15th of July it was mown. When dry, the hay upon the two rods weighed 50 pounds; upon the two rods adjoining, 40 pounds, making a gain of 300 pounds to the acre. From this experiment, 480 pounds of guano to the acre gave 8000 pounds of hay at the first cutting. I think if six pounds had been put upon four square rods, the gain would have been more upon each rod.

I next used it to plant peas upon; 24 pounds were put into furrows, for two rows, through the piece, at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre; it was covered before the seed was dropped. The peas came up well; the vines were not so large as those planted upon manure; they filled as soon, and I think yielded as much. From this trial, 100 pounds of guano is equal to one cord of good manure for growing peas.

Upon the onion field I put 25 pounds, at the rate of 450 pounds to the acre; it was harrowed and raked in the rows. The rows crossed this strip at right angles, so that each row in the field had a part of the guano. The onions came up well; but they soon began to say, by their looks and actions, if not in words, we do not like this new fashion manure; and all through the season they have had a sickly look.

Some of it was put upon a small piece of turnips; the contrast of the effect upon onions and turnips was striking; it was applied in the same manner upon each, but it gave to the turnips a vigorous, healthy look.

I put 75 pounds of it upon my corn land; when the corn is harvested, I shall be able to give a more particular account of its effects upon corn.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you and your readers will give the public the result of your experiments with this manure. Wm. R. Putnam.

North Danvers, Sept. 14th, 1854.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

A late writer says that "the less land a farmer has the more corn he will raise." This is so. Our friend S. once owned a farm of 300 acres, while his capital was so small that he could only half manure it. The effect was that he could scarcely pay expenses. The money he expended on fences should have been expended on guano; while the wear and tear of plow and harness, was nearly equal to the par value of his potato crop. Some three years ago S. endorsed for a friend. The friend forgot the day it was to fall due. S. had to take it up for him. To do this, he mortgaged his farm. The mortgage was foreclosed, and one half his farm struck off to the highest bidder. He thought he was ruined. No such thing. The manure, labor and horse-flesh, which he formerly scattered over three hundred acres, were spread over one hundred acres, and what was the result! We will inform the reader. He now clears $2,000 a year, which clearing is effected with one-third the labor, swearing and chuckleheads, which he formerly made use of to keep himself poor and ill-natured. We conclude with the same text we set out with—"the less land a farmer owns, the more corn he will grow."—*Anon.*

VERMONT STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

FOURTH ANNUAL FAIR.

We had the pleasure of attending this Exhibition at Brattleboro', on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The weather was all that could be desired—if it had been "made to order," or cast in a mould of exquisite pattern, it could not have been better. The mornings were cool, with an elastic and invigorating atmosphere; health and buoyancy were in every limb and countenance; the hills and valleys poured forth tides of living beings, full of joyous anticipations of the events of the coming day.

The Society had made the most convenient and liberal preparations for the occasion. The grounds contained nearly forty acres, and were enclosed by a board fence ten feet high. Convenient offices were erected for any branch of business to be conducted in and out of the grounds. In a spacious tent the roll of committees was called, where they were introduced to each other, and then proceeded to their duties. A building was erected for the Floral Department, and dedicated as "*Flora Hall.*" This was filled with things "beautiful to behold," and with those who added a new grace and beauty to every thing around them.

Then there was another appropriated to the *Department of Mechanics*. We have not space to enumerate the fine works of mechanical skill which were here exhibited. Among them were fine specimens of the handy work of our friend PARTRIDGE, in steel forks, rakes, &c., and of the famous plows, horse hoes, and other implements of Ruggles & Co.

The left centre of the grounds was occupied by a mammoth gallery, furnished with seats sufficient for at least 2000 persons, and built with special regard to substantiality. To this gallery a charge of twelve-and-a-half cents was asked for admission, and was paid by thousands.

This stand commanded a view of the trotting course, which lay to the extreme left of the arena. The course was of an oval form, and carefully prepared for the use for which it was designed, by grading, watering, and rolling its surface. It was half a mile in circumference, and the whole circuit could be taken in at a single glance.

Water was plentiful on the grounds, both for man and beast, brought in pipes 160 rods, forced up by pumps, acted on by an ingenious contrivance of an over-shot wheel. Halliday's Patent Wind Engine, of which we have spoken heretofore, was erected in the centre of the field, and was an attractive feature.

Among the stock we particularly noticed the imported *Devon* bull, Comet, owned by ISAAC STICKNEY, of Grafton. He is 6 years old, and a very fine animal—one worthy to be recommended to the breeders of that stock. Messrs. W. R. SANFORD, of Orville, DANIEL DAVIS, of Springfield, and S. D. WALBRIDGE, of Bennington, and some others, presented stock of this blood.

Of *Durhams*, or Short Horns, the bull *Ajax*, exhibited by SYLVESTER SMITH, of Wilmington, was decidedly the finest animal of that breed on the grounds. He is 4 years old, weighs 2,290 pounds, and is made up so as to please the critical eye. Messrs. A. L. BINGHAM, of West Cornwall, E. D. HUBBELL, of Bennington, J. C. LAWRENCE, of Brattleboro', E. J. Barrington, of Whitingham, and others, also had stock of this breed.

There were few *Alderneys*. Mr. J. BIRD, of Greenfield, Mass., had a fine bull, 2 years old, and 2 cows, a heifer, and a calf. The cows were small and thin, but were undoubtedly pure.

Of *Herefords*, the only representations were a cow and calf, shown by A. L. BINGHAM, of West Cornwall.

Working Cattle. The exhibition of this class was imposing. The number of entries exceeded 200 yoke. The Brattleboro' team, 48 yoke, passed in review as a single team. Among them could be seen tinges of the blood of the Durhams and Devons with our mixed breeds.

Of *Fat Cattle*, a pair driven in by Mr. FAIRBANKS, of Springfield, Mass., weighed *six thousand pounds*, and were much admired.

Of *Swine* there were a few fine specimens. A Suffolk boar and sow, presented by ISAAC STICKNEY, of Boston, were models of their kind. The boar was made up as near the pattern of perfection as we shall seldom be likely to see. We have seen a finer shaped sow, but not often. A pair of the improved Essex swine, the only ones on the field, were presented by SOLOMON W. JEWETT, of Weybridge. They were black, and possessed fine proportions.

The *Sheep* included several varieties,—Spanish, French, Silesian, Saxon, with all manner of crosses. Spanish merinos were exhibited by Messrs. A. L. BINGHAM, N. A. SAXTON, of Vergennes, VICTOR WRIGHT, of Cornwall, JESSE HINDS, of Brandon, S. STICKNEY, D. & G. CUTTING, and J. T. & V. RICH, of Shoreham, C. D. SWEAT, of Bennington, and MARK CRAWFORD and SAMUEL WHEAT, of Putney. A few Leicesters were exhibited by A. V. STOCKWELL and GEORGE WINTERBOTTOM. Smyrna and Native, by H. S. WALBRIDGE; and Silesian, French, and Spanish and French, by GEORGE CAMPBELL, of Westminster.

Fruits and *Vegetables* were not numerous, though some fine samples in each department were exhibited. We noticed a fine basket of *Sweet Potatoes*, and a variety of grapes, by A. DUTTON, of Dummerston. There was a squash, weighing 180 pounds, and a cousin about as large. Apples, pears, peaches and plums, were not largely represented.

The Address was delivered by Charles Theodore Russell, of Boston, and a Reporter says, like all his productions, bore the stamp of eminent ability in conception and expression. Its subject was "*The Enfranchisement of Labor.*"

Capital charcoal sketches of the Black Hawk and Morgan horses were framed and elevated, one on each end of the spectator's gallery. They were by Mr. Larkin G. Mead, of Brattleboro', and a young artist of great promise.

The grand feature of a Vermont State Fair is its *Horses*. We cannot speak of these in detail—lovers of the noble animal must go themselves and see. They were trotted in imposing parade round the moist and level course, and thousands of bright eyes gazed on them as they passed the immense gallery. The procession was headed by a true son of the old Woodbury Morgan, and followed in order by the Woodburys, Bulrushes and Shermans—the latter being by far the most numerous.

But the crowning glory of the Show was in its excellent arrangements—nothing that could add convenience or comfort was omitted. The place for the Address was chosen and prepared with good taste. The officers were attentive and polite to every body, and every body had their best bow for the officers. Ladies, in great numbers, joined in the festivities of the occasion, and gave a new grace and charm to the whole. Mr. Holbrook, the President, mingled everywhere with the throng, and had a kind word for all. We *could* speak of the hospitalities of his mansion, and of the distinguished guests we met there; but, as that would not be strictly agricultural, and might be considered an invasion of the sanctities of private life, we forbear. All were eloquent in praise of the mode in which the exhibition was managed, and the facilities which had been furnished for its enjoyment.

It was estimated that 25,000 persons visited the Show, and out of that vast number not an ill-behaved or intoxicated person did we see.

For the New England Farmer.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Friend Brown:—I have noticed, in several of the last *Farmers*, discussions relative to lightning-rods. My ideas differ somewhat from any who have written for your journal on this subject; and they were imbibed from the teachings of one of the best, if not *the* best Professors in this country. In his lectures on electricity, P. was very particular to call the student's attention to this subject; his theory was, that a rod would only attract its area. A rod ten feet high would protect that number of feet each way. A rod on a ridge would reckon its attractive powers from the distance from the base of the roof to the top of the rod. When more than one rod is required they should be near enough together to meet when laid down; and any number less than this might attract some, but not enough to bring it to the rod, and consequently the building would be more exposed than if there were no rods at all. I think isolators are not essential. Iron is a far better conductor of electricity than wood, and will not leave it if there is a good chance for it to escape when it reaches the bottom. It is better that the ends or splices should be riveted than linked or screwed together, and above all things have the bottom end pointed and in a moist place. Isolators are good for nothing if the bottom is not arranged properly; we often see telegraph posts all split to pieces notwithstanding their isolation, from the fact that the wire is not large enough to conduct it off.

Let me advise all who wish to put up rods to put up enough; have them of good size, square or sharp edges, and look well to your terminations, having them terminate in water, tan or moist earth. S. W. Curtis

Globe Village Sept. 7, 1854.

AGRICULTURE AND THE PROFESSIONS.

When young men are about completing their education, they very wisely ask themselves what they shall do. A few, scanning the various pursuits, luckily hit on something in harmony with their tastes, while the greater part look only to the professions as the legitimate sphere of educated men. Now this conclusion is all wrong. A college education aims at a professional life no more than any other; but only at a general discipline and culture of mind which may be applied to all pursuits. There are, no doubt, some in each class, who are adapted to and will honor any of the professions; but the greater part are not, and they enter them rather because they are honorable, than in hopes of honoring them. But we have little sympathy with those luminaries which seek to shine by a reflected light. We have been taught to believe that the man should honor his office, not the office the man: and that it is better to move at the head of even a humble calling, than follow in the rear of a dignified profession. We would rather raise potatoes which somebody will eat, than make speeches which no one will hear, or write books which no one will read.

But if these young gentlemen will carefully look around, they will perhaps find other avenues to wealth and distinction besides the professions. Take, for instance, agriculture—not simply the art of plowing the ground, but agriculture viewed in all its practical and scientific bearings, and they will possibly find scope for the display of at least moderate capacities. Indeed, if we mistake not, some enter the professions, who would not find a waste of talent in agricultural pursuits, and who are certainly quite as well suited to them. But so many young men are captivated with the idea of professional or political titles and life, that they overlook what they call the humbler avocations. So away they go, talking of Robert Halls and Daniel Websters, between whom and themselves there is no more comparison than between the Alps and an ant-hill. We would not be thought to underrate the professions by any means; but we believe strongly in an adaptation, a fitness for things. If a man has not a

natural capacity for one pursuit, let him take up another for which he has a natural capacity. Better handle the plow with grace, than make a stupid argument.

Nor yet does this avocation preclude access to political distinction, to which so many young men aspire. We know some farmers who stand as good a chance for office as many of their professional brethren, and who are as well able to flourish as delicate a hand, or quiddle as accurately, or talk as honiedly; but in good sense and sound judgment—the essential elements of a man—they are by no means inferior. We always like to see such men—good honest souls!—who lean not on the dignity of their profession, but on themselves. Such men are at once the strength and pride of the country.

Let not young men, therefore, think a profession the "sine qua non" of human greatness, but let them cast about and see what they are fitted and have a taste for. They will then go to work thoroughly and earnestly, and be sure to succeed, while on the other hand, they will most surely fail.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHY IS THE FARMER DISCONTENTED?

Those who have been engaged in mercantile, mechanical, commercial or other pursuits in the early part of manhood, but who have left those pursuits for the cultivation of the farm, are usually contented with the change, particularly if they gained some knowledge of the practice of agriculture in boyhood. It is mostly among those born and bred on the farm, who have little knowledge of the necessary care and unceasing labor in other pursuits to insure success, where men and women labor grudgingly; from motives of duty and necessity, but without those agreeable realizations which alone can make labor pleasant. It is said that as a people we are restless; never satisfied with the house we have erected, the farm we have subdued and cultivated, the ship we have sailed, or the fortune acquired.

We have so far been providing for our *physical* wants, in the agricultural community, without taking into account the fact, that the *mind* demands aliment as well as the body, and that it must be supplied or it will do one of two things: it will sicken by becoming indifferent to its own interests and the world around it, and sink, and die in idiocy; or it will embrace violent extremes of imaginary duties, and seek, by ever-varying change, that, mental sustenance, which it has failed to find in quiet and homely scenes.

This is the prime cause of discontent in rural life. The physical powers are occupied by a routine of duties supposed to require little mental effort, while those of the mind are disregarded and unprovided for. While the *body* labors, the *mind* has little sympathy with it—the forces of the man are divided, and discontent, and disquiet are the consequence.

We shall only speak of this evil among the rural population—the farmers, and their sons and daughters, and in order to do this, we ought first to speak of the dignity and importance of agriculture as an employment.

Of the importance of agriculture as the means and chief source of subsistence to all animal life, it is scarcely necessary to enlarge. The fact must be evident to all, that with the cessation of two or three successive crops, the race must become extinct; a fact which should teach us our obligations to Him who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, and to whom our profound gratitude is ever due. But the *moral consequences* of agricultural employment are less obvious, and require more consideration.

Agriculture means field culture, and its importance is obvious, not only by affording the direct supply of our greatest wants, but as the parent of manufactures and commerce. Without agriculture there can be neither population nor civilization. Hence, it is not only the most universal of arts, but that which requires the greatest number of operators; the main body of the population in every country is employed in the pursuit of agriculture; and the most powerful individuals in almost all nations derive their wealth and consequence from their property in land.

Recent discoveries in Chemistry and Physiology have led to most important improvements in the culture of plants, and the breeding and rearing of animals; agriculture is, in consequence, no longer an art of labor, but of *Science:* hence the advantage of scientific knowledge to agriculturists, and the susceptibility in the art of progressive advancement. "Agriculture," Marshall says, "is a subject which, viewed in all its branches, and to their fullest extent, is not only the *most* important, and the most difficult in rural economies, but in the circle of human arts and sciences."

Such is the *importance* of agriculture to us all. It cannot lack *dignity*, for it is the mother of all other arts and sciences. It was not too low for Cato, Cincinnatus, and Washington; and it never can be too low for the most exalted mind on earth.

Discontent, then, does not spring from a want of importance and dignity in the occupation, but because *that occupation is not understood.* Farming should not be looked upon as the end of life, merely as a means of subsistence; this, as well as all other pursuits, should be adopted with the view of enabling men not only to improve and beautify the earth, but to cultivate the moral, intellectual, and social powers, and to fill, according to to their capacity, their proper station among their fellow-men. It should not tend to make men mere machines, who toil for the sole purpose of gratifying their appetites; but it should

elevate and refine, to the highest degree of perfection, the better faculties of our nature.

The profits of productive farming would, when conducted scientifically, enable the farmer to accumulate wealth, and enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of refined life. Every community could be made up of the best society—every family could have a good library, and its accomplished sons and daughters; farmers' sons need not leave the favorite pursuit of their fathers, and go into the learned professions, from the erroneous idea that they are more honorable or profitable. Farmers' daughters need not despise the delightful and healthful employment of the dairy, the kitchen, or the loom, and seek elevation in the miserable pursuits and fashions of the city.

Nothing conduces more to the elevation and refinement of the mind than the study of nature; the man who holds frequent communion with nature, and studies and obeys her laws, is always made a better and happier man.

But it is said that the working man cannot study; that study and labor are incompatible and uncongenial. Washington and Franklin both possessed that kind of knowledge which enabled them to be eminently useful to the world, and yet both were emphatically laboring men; laboring not only in directing others, but with their own hands. Many other signal examples might be cited to strengthen the point, were it necessary.

"Manual labor," says the *Phrenological Journal*, "when not excessive, invigorates the body, and rouses the mind. Muscles strengthened by exercise, and a brain refreshed by pure blood, enable the mind to conceive with clearness, and act with vigor and force. The delicate lark soars high, but soon falls; it is only the eagle, with broad and strong wing and clear eye, that can sustain long flights in the upper air, and gaze at the sun.

"The man with a learning mind, who digs the ground, or sows the seed, makes rapid progress. He sees the benevolence of God in every opening bud and blushing flower. He learns lessons of utility, of design in the natural world, and with a soul enlarged, he applies to books and art the exponents of other men's minds,—and looks into his own to discover the laws by which it is governed, and the links by which he is bound to his fellow-men.

"The working man, in all ages of the world, has been more successful in doing good, in advancing the interests of humanity, than a man learned only in book knowledge. The latter may desire to do as much, but never can accomplish it, being ignorant of the material on which he is working.

"As the world advances, its workers take a higher position; the dignity of labor becomes apparent. The time draws near when he who *does* nothing will *be* nothing, and when there will be no aristocracy but that of labor; no noblemen but the workers."

But the worker must also be a *thinker*; he must become nature's ardent student, and work out, and think out the wonderful processes ever going on in her strange crucible. He must not be discouraged that he knows so little yet of those things which are constantly under his observation: that the knowledge man has accumulated in all the generations of his existence, forms but a small mound in comparison with the unknown.

A FARMER'S WIFE I'LL BE.

I'm a wild and laughing girl, just turned of sweet sixteen,
As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen;
And when I am a woman grown, no city beaux for me—
If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love a country life, I love the joyous breeze,
I love to hear the singing birds along the lofty trees;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks make music sweet for me—
If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to feed the chickens, and I love to milk the cow,
I love to hear the farmer's boy a whistling at his plough;
And fields of corn and waving grain are pleasant sights to me—
If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to see the orchards where the golden apples grow,
I love to walk in meadows where the bright streamlets flow;
And flowery banks and shady woods have many charms for me—
If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town,
'Mid dusty walls and dusty streets, to ramble up and down;
But flowery fields, and shady woods, and sunny skies for me—
If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

FACTS FOR BUILDERS.

One fact is, that a square form secures more room with a given cost for outside walls, than any other rectangular figure. Great length, and little width may afford convenient rooms, but at an increased expense.

Another fact is, that ventilation is an essential in a human dwelling. No other consideration should exclude this. The halls, windows, and doors, should be so situated with regard to each other, that a full draught of air can be secured, at any time, in the summer season, by day and by night, through the whole house. The stories should also be sufficiently high to afford a sufficiency of air in all the rooms. Nine feet is a good height for lower rooms, and eight for upper. Bed rooms should also be larger than they commonly are. Great injury to health is the result of sleeping in small, close apartments.

The third fact is, that a steep roof will not only shed rain and snow far better than a flat one, but will last immensely longer, at the same time that it secures increased room for chambers, or garret.

The fourth fact is, that a chimney in or near the centre of the building will aid to warm the whole house, while if built at one end or side, the heat will be thrown out and lost.

The fifth fact is, that a door opening from the outside into any principal room, without the intervention of a hall or passage, costs much more than it saves, in the free ingress of air into it.

The sixth fact is, that the use of paint is the best economy, in the preservation it affords to all wood work.—*Prairie Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

MAKE YOUR GIRLS INDEPENDENT.

BY HENRY F. FRENCH.

Everybody in New England knows exactly what to do with a boy. Give him, as a matter of course, the best education you can afford, and whether he is poor or rich, prepare him for some business, some regular useful business in life, so that whatever be the turn of Fortune's Wheel, he may be independent. A good education, and a profession or trade, without property, is enough for him—enough to place him beyond the charities of a cold world, enough to give him hope and courage and assurance of success in life.

But what is to become of the daughter! Do we consider this question sufficiently! Is not all New England grossly negligent on this point!—Does the public voice answer this question satisfactorily!

Let us examine the matter fairly. You have a daughter of sixteen, in a family of half a dozen children. You have a small property, a comfortable home, a farm perhaps, are tolerably "well off," worth perhaps eight or ten thousand dollars. You are still a young man, at least not so very old, that you need necessarily die for some years yet. Suppose this young lady has progressed as well as most girls, in her studies. She can read and write respectably, has cyphered as far as square root, can read French a little, though she cannot speak a sentence of it correctly. She can play on the piano, so that a person of common discernment can distinguish her Old Hundred from the Battle of Prague, but has developed no very decided taste for music. Still she is intelligent, active, and promising. Suppose she were, some pleasant morning, to propose the question directly to you, and ask a serious reply, "What do you intend I shall do when my education is finished!" What answer would you make, which should satisfy both you and herself! The probability, perhaps, is, that within ten or twelve years, she may marry; for that is the fate of a majority of ladies.—Still, I think, you would not like to answer her reasonable question by such a suggestion, because such a probability is, after all, a vague uncertainty, and you would be quite unwilling a child of yours should make marriage a matter of necessity, or even of calculation. No, you could not say to her that she has but one chance in life, and that of such a nature, that she cannot seek to avail herself of it.

Can you say to her deliberately, that you have a home which shall always be hers, also, that you have means to maintain her, and that she need take no thought for the future! This is, practically, what most fathers are saying to their daughters, but frequently, with less regard to truth than they profess. Your own life is uncertain.—Your business enterprises may fail. Is it safe to risk the welfare of others entirely on your own continued prosperity! Besides, is there enough in the subordinate duties which usually fall to the share of a daughter in a family, to fill up the aspirings of human nature, to develope the faculties of the soul! Look at the course of life of grown up daughters in the families about you. They are usually regarded by the mother as children in all matters pertaining to the household. They do not take a share even of the responsibility of the family. If required to do a share of the work, they do it as a disagreeable task, to which a life of ease is far preferable. In the duties of wife and mother, there is enough to occupy the heart, and exercise the intellect of an educated woman; but the mere drudgery of housework, the cooking and mending and scrubbing, especially in a subordinate position, have in them nothing peculiarly attractive or ennobling to anybody.—Usually, however, the daughter is not a working bee in the hive. She is better educated than her mother, perhaps, and not half so good a housekeeper, and so she naturally takes to fashion and light literature, receives calls and returns them, dusts the parlor for her share of the housework, works worsted cats and dogs for intellectual discipline, and wears a stylish bonnet to church by way of morals and religion. Without a definite object, how can she be expected to rise early in the morning, or to take an active interest in the affairs of life.

But the question recurs, what better can be done! What shall be done that our daughters may have courage to look the future calmly in the face, and feel that their position is in some measure, dependent upon their own exertions!

A definite hope for the future, can alone make a rational being happy. *Give every child, then, male or female, an education for some business.* The discipline of acquiring it will be, in itself, salutary, and the consciousness of possessing it will at all times give dignity and independence to the character. Whatever your position in society, educate your daughter for some business in life, educate her according to your means and condition, and according to her tastes and capacity. The "sphere of woman," which has been always reduced far below the *hemisphere* which all accord to her as a right, includes, certainly, the whole range of *teaching*—in letters, in science, in music and drawing, and whatever else is learned in our schools, "Woman's Mission" surely is *to teach*, and the demand for female instructors, of a high order, is by no means supplied. Academies and high schools are now paying salaries of five hundred and a thousand dollars to college graduates, as mere temporary teachers, and would be glad to exchange them for well qualified fe-

males, who would enter upon their duties with some probability of permanency. Then there are the thousands of district schools, which are fast changing from the hands of college boys, to the "milder influences" of the gentler sex. If your daughter has a decided taste for music, or any ornamental acquirement, assist her to appreciate the gift which Heaven has offered her. Make her excel in something which the world deems excellent, and her superior attainment will always command respect, and the means of honorable subsistence.

But there are many who cannot afford the means, thus to qualify their daughters for teachers. What shall they do? I answer, believe that labor is honorable, and teach them a trade, or manual occupation of some kind. I have never chanced to live in any place, where dressmakers and milliners did not keep the ladies of the village in complete subjection, dealing out their favors of dress-fitting and bonnet-trimming as if they were pearls and diamonds. I venture to say, sir, to you who are reading this paper, that you can build a forty-foot barn in less time, than your wife and daughters can procure their winter hats. Teach every young lady to cut and make her own dresses, and if you go further, and educate her to the trade, her support in life is secured. The printing-offices, the counting-rooms of shops, the manufacturing establishments of various kinds, are furnishing respectable employment to females, and gradually the "area of freedom" for woman's labor and talent, is enlarging everywhere in New England. The means of education have not yet been supplied to boys and girls alike. Even Boston, I believe, which affords to every boy, at the public cost, a *four* years' course in a Latin or High school, gives to girls as an equivalent, only *one* additional year in the grammar schools.

New England has her colleges—her Harvards, her Yales, her Dartmouths, for boys, but nothing of the kind for girls. But these wants will soon be met. Horace Mann, whose opinion is entitled in this matter to higher authority, perhaps, than any other individual in this country, has accepted the Presidency of a college in Ohio, where the sexes enjoy equal advantages of instruction.

The want of the means to give to girls, at the public expense, the same thorough and systematic education as boys are receiving at our colleges, is the great defect in our New England system of instruction. Notwithstanding this want of opportunity for education, a great share of our best writing of a literary character, both in books and magazines, is from the pens of ladies, and he who doubts the capacity of the better-half of creation, for any literary labor, deserves to have his ears pulled by Fanny Fern, and to be classed among slave-catchers in Mrs. Stowe's next edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Education for all, according to the capacity of each, is the true law of love and of progress.*

Exeter, N. H., Sept., 1854.

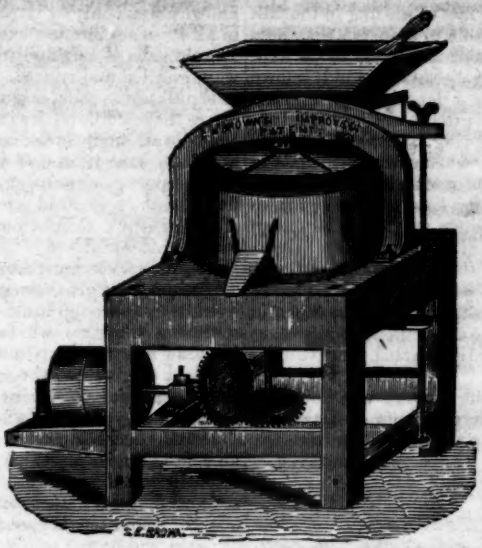
THE LOCUST TREE BORER.

The locust trees, in and around Cleveland, have for the last few years suffered greatly from this insect, many of them being killed, and all being more or less disfigured; young trees especially are exposed to their attacks. It is the *Clytus flexuosus* of Fabricius. In its perfect or image state, it is a beautiful beetle about three-quarters of an inch in length; the males rather smaller.—The color is a velvety black with transverse yellow bands, three on the head, four on the thorax, and six on the wing covers, the third being bent in the form of a W. The legs are reddish, and the antennæ dark brown. In the early part of September they come forth, and during that month are to be found in great numbers on the flower of the Golden rod, on the Cuyahoga flats, under the University heights. I have seen them in hundreds feeding on the pollen of this plant. They are also to be seen coming up and down the trunks of the locust trees, singly, in pursuit of their mates or rivals, or more commonly paired. The female lays little clusters of seven or eight white eggs, in the cleft of the bark. In a short time they are hatched, and the little grub immediately begins to eat into the soft bark and wood. Their furrows are winding, generally in an upward direction yet, sometimes, I have seen holes bored entirely through the trunk of small trees. In the winter they become torpid, but the warmth of spring awakens them to renew the work of devastation, which they make known by the saw dust dropped from their holes.

A little trouble on the part of the owners of shade trees, would to a great extent protect them from the ravages of this insect; during the time of pairing, they are easily caught by hand and destroyed, and can be done by children, thus hindering the deposition of eggs. As a preventative also, the trunk and larger branches of the trees, in the early part of September, should be covered with a thick coat of white-wash, well worked into the cracks of the bark. This should be done before the beetle begins to deposite its eggs, and if repeated every season, it will take care and not entrust its property to a bed of lime, as it would not thrive on so caustic a diet.

The congeners of the *Clytus* are numerous, and inhabit many of our forest trees, such as the Maple, Ash, Hickory, Thorn, &c. Some attack the fallen, or cut timber. Their greatest enemy is the Wood-pecker who destroys immense numbers. —*Ohio Farmer.*

A Seed Farmer.—An honest son of Erin, who had saved money enough by his industry to purchase a small farm, undertook to manage it himself. He accordingly bought his seeds at the seed store, and planted them all done up in papers—just as they came from the store. A bystander who observed him, began to laugh at him, and told him he was doing wrong. "Ah, let me alone for that," said Pat, "I am making a seed garden: did ye never see seeds grow all papered and labelled jist as they sell them in the shop?"



BROWN'S IMPROVED PATENT GRIST MILL.

The manufacturers confidently recommend this article to the notice of practical men who are engaged in, or about to establish the flouring or mealing business, or who wish to erect a mill at a comparatively small expense, for occasional use. Among the numerous improvements that have appeared, there are, perhaps, none, either for simplicity, efficiency, durability, or economy, that surpass it, and as far as their experience has gone, they are led to believe it is the best portable mill, for flouring meal and grinding *grain*, *corn*, *salt*, *plaster* and *spices* extant. It is composed of the best French burr stones; and it is substantially built, easily kept in order, and can be attached to the requisite power with great facility.

The proprietors supply this mill, of proper dimensions for water, steam, or horse power, to order. As there are many in operation in the New England, and other States, which can be referred to, a farther description here is unnecessary.

One of the mills may be seen at the warehouse of Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse, Mason & Co., who have them for sale.

Signs among the Colleges.—Professor Goodrich made a speech at Milwaukee during the grand excursion, in which he stated that Yale College was opposed to slavery, and the faculty all of one mind on the subject, and wished the fact to be known North and South. It is said that an unusual number of Southern students have offered themselves this year.

Among the commencement exercises the present year at different colleges, Frederick Douglass addressed the literary societies at Western Reserve College; Henry Ward Beecher, at Woodville; Wendell Phillips, at Union; J. P. Thompson, at Andover; and Wm. H. Seward, at Yale, where Geo. W. Perkins also preached the *concio ad clerum*. The alumni at Harvard, chose Charles Sumner for their Vice President; Wabash College conferred the honorary D. D., on Joshua Leavitt; and Yale College the LL. D. on W. H. Seward. —*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

SOWING GRASS SEED IN THE FALL.

Eds. Rural:—As I believe much information may be gained by farmers, in frequently interchanging thoughts and experience in relation to the various subjects, which pertain to their vocation, I propose saying a few words in relation to the inquiries of your correspondent J. B. P. in the last No. of the Rural, regarding the seeding down of land. Your correspondent states that he cannot get "clover or herds grass to 'catch,' when sown with oats, according to the time-honored custom," which, I suppose, is sowing it with the grain in the spring. Farmers are generally quite indisposed to adopt any new manner of performing the routine of their labors,—but the repeated failures in my own case, and that of my neighbors, to get land to catch well, when seeded in the spring, induced me to question the correctness of the idea of spring being the best to sow grass seed. After losing a good many bushels of seed during the past five or six years, by sowing with oats in the spring, I concluded, last fall, that I would try the experiment of seeding six acres in the fall; and though the trial of any new mode of farming for one year only, is not sufficient to establish its correctness or incorrectness, yet the success which attended the experiment was most satisfactory, for I cut this year my heaviest grass from the field thus seeded. I have not be-

fore during several years past, obtained so good grass the first year after seeding; and I attribute the cause entirely to the fact of seeding in the fall.

It is perfectly reasonable to suppose, that seed sown in the fall would be more likely to do well, than if sown in the spring, because it is well known that grass seed self-sown or deposited by grass left standing, almost always catches and grows better, than that sown in the spring. The main reason why it does not succeed when sown with oats in the spring is because it cannot withstand the dry weather which we usually have during the summer. Where it can be sown very early, as for instance, with winter wheat, its chances for success are greater; but, even then, I should prefer to seed in the fall.

When sown in the fall, it should be sown in September, or before the fall rains commence, so that it may get sufficiently started to withstand the winter.

That which I sowed in the fall was sown on stubble, without any dragging; nor do I think it needs any, for it came up very thick and nice.

N. M. Carpenter.

Ellington, N. Y., August, 1854.

Rural New-Yorker.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON TREES.

Every one who has read the life of Sir Walter Scott, knows his love of trees. He used to say that of all his compositions, he was most proud of his compositions to make trees grow. There is yet at East-Hampton, flourishing in a hearty age, an orchard set out by the hands of my father. And we have heard him say that after an absence from home, the first impulse, after greeting his own family, was to go out and examine each tree in his orchard, from root to top. No man ever planted a tree or loved one, but knows how to sympathize with this feeling. Oliver Wendell Holmes spends his summer months upon a beautiful farm near Pittsfield, on which are half a hundred of the original forest trees, some of them doubtless five hundred years old; trees that heard the revolutionary cannon (or heard of them,) and before that the crack of the rifle in the early Colonial Indian wars, when Miahcomo, with his fugitive Pequots, took refuge in the Berkshire hills. It is said that Dr. Holmes has measured with tape-line every tree on his place, and knows each one of them with intimate personal acquaintance. * *

To the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. And our first excursion in Lenox was to salute our notable trees. We had a nervous anxiety to see that the axe had not hewn, nor the lightning struck them; that no worm had gnawed at their root, or cattle at their trunk; that their branches were not broken, nor their leaves failing from drought. We found them all standing in their uprightness. They lifted up their heads towards Heaven, and sent down to us from all their boughs a leafy message of recognition and affection. Blessed be the dew that cools their evening leaves, and the rains that quench their daily thirst! May the storm be as merciful to them, when in winter it roars through their branches, as is a harper of his harp. Let the snow lie lightly on their boughs, and long hence be the summer that shall find no leaves to clothe these nobles of the pasture! First in our regard, as it is first in the whole nobility of trees, stands the white elm; no less esteemed because it is an American tree, known abroad only by importation, and never seen in all its magnificence, except in our own valleys. The old oaks of England are very excellent in their way, gnarled and rugged. The elm has strength as significant as they, and a grace, a royalty, which leaves the oak like a boor in comparison. Had the elm been an English tree, and had Chaucer seen and loved and sung it, and even Shakspeare, and every English poet hung some garlands upon it, it would have lifted up its head now, not only the noblest of all growing things, but enshrined in a thousand rich associations of history and literature. Who ever sees a hawthorn or a sweet-briar (the eglantine) that his thoughts do not, like a bolt of light, burst through ranks of poets, and ranges of sparkling thoughts which have been born since England had a written language, and of which the rose, the willow, the eglantine, the hawthorn, and other scores of vines or trees have been the cause, as they are now and for ever the suggestions and remembrancers! Who ever looks upon an oak, and does not think of navies; of storms; of battles on the ocean; of the noble lyrics of the sea; of English glades; of the fugitive Charles, the tree-mounted monarch; of the Herne oak; of parks and forests; of Robin Hood and his merry men, Friar Tuck not excepted; of old baronial halls with mellow light streaming through diamond-shaped panes upon oaken floors, and of elaborate carved wainscotings! And who that has ever travelled in English second-class cushionless cars has not other and less genial remembrances of the enduring solidity of the impervious, unelastic oak! One such oak I have, and only one, yet discovered. On my west line is a fringe of forest, through which rushes in spring, trickles in early summer, and dies out entirely in August, the issues of a noble spring from near the hill-side. On the eastern edge of this belt of trees stands the monarchal oak, wide branching on the east toward the open pasture and the free light, but on its western side lean and branchless from the pressure of the neighboring trees; for trees, like men, cannot grow to the real nature that is in them when crowded by too much society. Both need to be touched on every side by sun and air, and by nothing else, if they are to be rounded out into full symmetry. Growing right up to its side, and through its branches is a long wifely elm —beauty and grace embosomed by strength. Their leaves come and go together, and all the summer long they mingle their rustling harmonies. Their roots pasture in the same soil, nor could either of them be hewn down without tearing away the branches and marring the beauty of the other. And a tree, when thoroughly disbranched, may, by time and care, regain its beauty. * * *

Upon the crown of the hill, just where an artist would have planted them, had he wished to have them exactly in the right place, grew some two hundred stalwart and ancient maples, beeches, ashes, and oaks, a narrow belt-like forest, forming a screen from the northern and western winds in winter and a harp of endless music for the summer. The wretched owner of this farm, tempted by the devil, cut down the whole blessed band and brotherhood of trees, that he might fill his pocket with two pitiful dollars a cord for the wood! Well, his pocket was the best part of him. The

iron furnaces have devoured my grove, and their huge stumps that stood like gravestones, have been cleared away that a grove might be planted in the same spot for the next hundred years to nourish into the stature and glory of that which is gone. And in other places I find the memorial of many noble trees slain; here a hemlock that carried up its eternal green a hundred feet into the winter air; there a huge double-trunked chestnut, dear old grandfather of hundreds of children that have for generations clubbed its boughs or shook its nut-laden top, and laughed and shouted as bushels of chestnuts rattled down. Now the tree exists only as loop-holed posts and weather-browned rails. I hope the fellow got a sliver in his finger every time he touched the hemlock plank or let down the bars made of those chestnut rails.

What, then, it will be said, must no one touch a tree! must there be no fuel, no timber! Go to the forest for both. There are no individual trees there, only a forest.—*N. Y. Independent.*

FARM OF HARVEY DODGE, ESQ.

OF SUTTON, MASS.

On the 14th July, we had the pleasure of passing over Mr. DODGE's farm, looking at his crops, and of observing his modes of operation in its several departments. The farm is about seven miles from Worcester, and on one of that beautiful succession of hills which prevail in that part of the State. The soil is of granite formation, springy, bravely resisting the present severe drouth, and when once reclaimed and laid to grass, the most permanent and fertile land we have.

The young orcharding on the farm is thrifty, just in bearing, and extremely promising. Many of the trees, but seven year's set, being full of large and fair fruit. The barley had been harvested, but its representative stubble showed a strong growth, which I was informed headed and filled up well. About two acres of onions promised a return of four to five hundred dollars! Cabbages were rampant, and potato tops appeared well, but we did not go below to see how they were there. Several cows graced the yard, whose fine appearance would be noticeable by the most indifferent. One among them, a Devon, it would be difficult to equal. A young Deven bull had also fine proportions, and promises to become a valuable animal. A noble stack of English hay stood near the barn, containing some fifteen tons, and so compactly laid as to make it difficult to withdraw a handful. Ranged against the stone walls, and convenient to the buildings, were about 400 barrels of vinegar, made from the juice of the apple. This we looked at and tasted, and found it as pure as the air itself upon the Sutton Hills. There was a pervading air of neatness and order, in and out of doors, and thrift undoubtedly follows the orderings of the proprietor.

But the chief point which attracted our attention was his operations in underdraining. On a field fronting the house, and containing 25 acres, he had laid 600 rods of drainage! A portion of this field was still in the condition in which he originally found the whole. It is situated on a high hill, gently sloping to the north-west, and was covered with loose and fast stones, and all the coarse and hardy plants with which such land is usually made "unprofitably gay"—such as various wild grasses, johnswort, hard-hack, life-everlasting, golden-rods and cat-tails. The surface was uneven and springy, and cold, the water oozing out in every direction and collecting in little pools in all the low places. Some attempt at reclaiming had been made on a lower portion of it, and timothy and red-top had been introduced. But these had vainly struggled against the influences of the cold spring water ever flowing down upon it from above, and finally gave up the conflict in despair—the natural grasses again assuming their place.

After removing the cross walls—for the field was originally divided by several cross walls—and using the stones, together with as many from the surface as were wanted for outside fencing, the remaining large stones were dug under and dropt below the reach of the plow. Trenches were then cut sufficiently wide and deep to receive the smaller stones. Some of these trenches find an outlet on a lower portion of the field, and irrigate several acres of it, while the water from the others is carried across the highway and made to irrigate a pasture, and thus more than trebling the amount of feed obtained upon it before this course was adopted.

In reclaiming a portion of this field, an experiment was made in *trenching*. The depth to which the earth was moved, we do not recollect, but the effect is now—although several years have elapsed—as marked as it was the first year; the grass being larger, and having a more lively and darker green, than on any other spot of similar ground.

For a successful, extensive, and complete illustration of the advantages resulting from thorough draining, we would refer the reader to this field.

INSTRUCTION IN AGRICULTURE.—In the kingdom of Prussia there are five Agricultural Colleges, and a sixth is about to be opened; in these are taught, by both theory and practice, the highest branches of science connected with the culture and improvement of the soil; of Agricultural schools of a more elementary order there are ten; there are also seven schools devoted to instruction in the management of meadow lands; one for instruction in the management of sheep; and there are also forty-five model farms, intended to serve in introducing better modes of agriculture; in all, seventy-one public establishments for agricultural education, not to mention others of a kindred nature, or those private schools where the art and science of good farming are taught.

Prussia is a monarchy, with fifteen millions of

people. New York is a republic with three millions, and a territory which though not quite half as large, is richer and better situated, with means of transportation incomparably superior. Prussia has *seventy-one* public establishments to instruct the people in farming, the science of sciences and the art of arts. New York has not one; and the proposition to establish a single Agricultural College has again and again been voted down in her Legislature. Ought so shameful a contrast to exist between that monarchy and this republic?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1900.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I want to take a drive—
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back at five;
Tell cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll soon be *un peu haut.*

And Tom, take you the gold-leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three—
I want some Seville oranges,
'Twixt dinner-time and tea;
Fly round by France and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun,
To-morrow with some friends I go
A hunting in the sun.

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to my Lord Bellair, he
Spoiled my new balloon;
For, steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round again too soon,
Come jolt against my car.

But Tom, you get the car repaired,
And then let Dan and Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas,
I mean to travel quick;
My steam is surely up by now,—
Put the high pressure on,
Give me the breath-bag for the way—
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone.

FALL AND SPRING TRANSPLANTING.

A correspondent objects to the practice of those "who still continue in the old delusion that fall is the best time for transplanting trees"—stating that "some shrubs, and almost all plants, removed in the fall, when the *sap*, the great supporter of their life, has gone down into their roots, vegetation ceases in them, and they, consigned to a new cold soil, perhaps not a single fibre of the roots taking hold until spring, if, indeed, detached almost, if not entirely, from all nourishment, any life remains, are destroyed by fall transportation. Fruit trees, being more hardy, bear up, but they are forever stricken," &c. In the spring, "if the dirt is wet, and packed solid round the roots, before they are dug, touching or injuring as few of the fibres and roots as possible, and carefully setting in their new bed, vegetation goes straight on," &c.

We give this quotation for the sake of pointing out a very common error, namely, that the sap goes down into the roots to winter. Instead of this, the sap pervades usually all parts of a tree alike, and while covered with leaves, these keep up a constant drain or escape. When the leaves fall, although vegetation has ceased, the roots still absorb a small quantity, and as there is no escape through the leaves, the vessels of the tree gradually become filled or distended, so that on the approach of warm weather, stimulating activity, the least wound is followed by a flow of the sap. As soon as the new leaves expand, as a general rule, this flow from incisions ceases, in consequence of the drain afforded in another direction.

Now it usually happens that removing the tree in the spring, cuts off in a measure the supply from the roots at the very moment it is most wanted,—an evil quite as great as that resulting from any diminished supply in consequence of fall planting. Our correspondent speaks of the evil of "a new cold soil;"—are we to understand from this that the plant has warmed the bed in which it stood, and that it is chilled, like a human being, by removal to a fresh bed? Is not the "new soil" as relatively cold in spring as in autumn? He speaks of life being "destroyed by transportation"—this must refer to long distances; yet trees may be sent thousands of miles if *well packed*, with nearly or quite the safety attending their removal to the next farm. Ample experience has proved this to be true. Why are we not all allowed to take the same pains in saving the roots and carrying the earth upon them, for autumn as well as for spring transplanting?

But throwing theory aside,—we have in the course of our practice set out many ten thousands of trees of various sizes, both in autumn and in spring, and we are satisfied that more, by at least twenty-fold, depends on a good soil, careful work, and especially on the subsequent culture, than on the season of the year; nevertheless, if it were not for the liability to be thrown out or raised by frost, and the danger to half tender sorts from the cold of winter, we think the advantages would decidedly preponderate in favor of autumn, more especially because it is not accompanied with the check we have already spoken of, at the very moment the trees should commence to grow vigorously. We have never found hardy trees to succeed better, if as well, *other things being the same*, as when carefully dug up in autumn and well laid in till spring, when they were set out, without the above mentioned check.

Shrubs and small plants, if inclining to be tender, are always made more tender the first winter by transplanting; hence they should be either protected, or the work is done in spring. Hardy, early starting perennials, as peonias, pie-plant, &c., should always be set out in the fall; while tulips and many other bulbs require setting a month or two earlier. The practice must be modified by circumstances, climate, and the habits of the various plants.—*Country Gentleman.*

RUNAWAY POND.—Fifty ladies and gentlemen, belonging to Barton, Vt., celebrated the Fourth of July by a picnic in the basin of the celebrated "Runaway Pond," near that village. the *Irasburg Gazette* gives the following description of the spot, as measured by some of the engineers of the Passumpsic Railroad, who were of the party:—

"The water before its escape covered over 100 acres of land being one mile long and 70 rods wide for one-half its length. The greatest

depth of water which escaped was 85 feet. The highway which now passes through the pond is for nearly half a mile from 70 to 80 feet below the old water level. The lowest surface of the bed of the pond is a bog or meadow from 40 to 50 rods wide, and nearly half a mile long, by the side of which the highway is laid. For this whole surface the average depth of water may be called 80 feet. The sod of most of this is very tremulous, and a pole, or even an unlucky foot, once through the sod, goes down without further obstruction to almost any depth. From an approximate estimate, this pond contained 1,988,000,000 gallons, above the level of the bog, and it would take the full discharge of the canal of the Boston Water Works six months to fill it. Such was the size of the pond which in 1810 burst its barriers, and swept almost in a body down the valley."

OSWEGO—ITS MILLS AND BUSINESS.

In the year 1826 the first mill for the manufacture of flour was erected in Oswego, and at the present day there is perhaps no point in the United States, or in the world, where the manufacture of flour is conducted upon so large a scale as in the city of Oswego, together with the mills at the village of Fulton, twelve miles up the river. The first flouring mill in Oswego was built by Messrs. Alvin Bronson and T. S. Morgan, on the east side of the river. Mr. Henry Fitzhugh afterwards also built a mill adjoining, both of which were subsequently destroyed by fire.

From that period the flouring business at Oswego has been gradually increasing in magnitude—slowly at first, but quite rapidly during the last ten years. The destructive fire which occurred here on the 5th of July, 1853, destroyed most of the mills and elevators on the east side of the river. Through indomitable energy, however, they have all been rebuilt, upon a larger and more extensive scale, with all the modern improvements. There are in Oswego, at the present time, sixteen mills, with eighty-four run of stone, capable of manufacturing about *nine thousand barrels of flour a day*. Add to this the flouring mills twelve miles up the river, and we have an aggregate of one hundred and nine run of stone, capable of making about twelve thousand barrels of flour, and consuming over fifty thousand bushels of wheat per day.

The capital invested in so many mills, the number of men employed in running them, and the capital employed in the purchase of grain to supply them, must necessarily amount to a very high figure. At the lowest calculation, the capital invested in mills and elevators will reach nearly $1,000,000; the number of men directly employed in running them, and in coopering, will exceed 1,400; and the number of persons deriving support from the labor therein, is not less than 3000.

The hydraulic power of Oswego is immense, and is still more than two-thirds occupied; and at Oswego Fall there is almost an incalculable amount of water-power still unoccupied. The water in the Oswego river is sufficient to drive the mills throughout the year.

The amount of wheat received at Oswego from Upper Lakes and Canada, and the amount of flour shipped by canal, is larger than at any other lake port in the United States. In the year 1853 there were 7,436,391 bushels of wheat received, by lake, at Oswego, of which 1,781,152 bushels were from foreign ports. During the same season there were 853,950 barrels of flour shipped by canal, being 195,596 barrels more than the total shipments from Buffalo. The quantity of flour manufactured at Oswego in 1853 was smaller than the two previous years, in consequence of the destruction of four or five of the largest mills by fire.

We give below a table showing the names of mills at Oswego, their proprietors, run of stone, and number of barrels of flour they are capable of making per day:—

NAMES OF MILLS.	PROPRIETORS' NAMES.	Run of Stone.	Bbls. Flour Per Day.
Empire	Doolittle, Irwin & Wright	5	500
Crescent	H. C. Wright	4	400
Ontario	G. L. A. B. Grant	6	600
Atlas	Geo. Seeley	5	500
Palmetto	Mollison & Hastings	5	500
Huron	C. F. Ulhorn	4	400
Premium	Samuel Beardsley	5	500
Magnolia	Chas. Smyth	3	300
Exchange	J. & I. Lewis	5	500
Pearl	Wm. Lewis	5	500
Seneca	Merrick & Co.	13	1,300
Lake Ontario	Fitzhugh & Littlejohn	6	600
Washington	Penfield, Lyon & Co.	5	500
Schenandoah	J. F. Johnson	4	400
Eagle	T. Wyman	5	500
Reciprocity	G. & C. Ames	4	400
Total		84	8,400

The mills at Fulton, which should be added, are as follows:—

NAMES OF MILLS.	PROPRIETORS' NAMES.	Run of Stone	Bbls. Flour Per Day.
Pratt's Custom	Timothy Pratt	3	. .
Cayuga	W. S. Nelson	5	. .
Genesee	Case & Cheseboro	5	. .
Telegraph	Clark & Pond	6	. .
Nelson's Custom	W. S. Nelson	3	. .
Voorhees' Custom	J. L. Voorhees	3	. .
		25	. .

The facilities for handling grain in Oswego are also extensive there being ten elevators in all—half the number of which, however, are attached to the mills. The elevating capacity is about *thirty-six thousand bushels per hour*, and the storage room equal to about 2,200,000 bushels. There are also two or three floating elevators in the harbor, capable of elevating from 1000 to 1500 bushels per hour.—*U. S. Economist.*

CARRYING FRUIT TO MARKET.

But few days pass at this season of the year, during which may not be witnessed at any of our market-towns, the effect of carelessness in carrying fruit to market. It is well known to all salesmen that, be their wares what they may, the better their appearance, the better will they sell. This fact seems to be entirely overlooked by farmers when carrying their produce, and more especially fruit, to market.

For instance, a farmer having early apples for sale, will shake them from the tree, pick them up, bruised and all, throw them into the box of a lumber-wagon, and drive them eight or ten miles at a smart pace, and over a rough road. Upon arriving at his destination he finds them bruised, discolored, and withall, looking far more fit for consumption by swine than for human use. The next effort is to sell them, and in this branch of the operation the results of his heedlessness are soon made manifest. It is only after a great waste of time and words that he succeeds in disposing of them, and then but for a mere trifle. It is no

marvel that he goes home in a state of mind no ways enviable, finding fault with everybody, and everything, apple-buyers and apples in particular, and ending with a resolution to let the trees take care of themselves in future.

Had this man (who by the way is but a fair specimen of the majority,) picked his apples carefully, put them in baskets or barrels, and driven slowly to market, a quick sale and high price would have rewarded him in full for his care and attention. Nor would these be the only benefits arising from such a course, the purchaser would be well pleased with his bargain, and a great saving would be made in the time and temper of the farmer. Finally, and best of all, he would return to his home with a firm determination to take the best of care of his trees. J. G. S.

—*Dollar Newspaper.*

MANURING FRUIT TREES.

The Dutch, who are admirable gardners, had in the Great Exhibition an instrument called "Earth Borer," for manuring fruit trees without digging the ground. A circle of holes is bored around the tree at two feet distance from the tree, and a foot from each other. Taking the tree at a foot diameter at the surface of the soil, the circle will be five feet in diameter and fifteen feet in circumference; and if the holes are three inches diameter and a foot apart—fifteen inches, there will be about twelve holes; more or less, according to the diameter of the tree. They are eighteen inches deep (where there is enough depth of soil) and slanting towards the center; are filled with liquid manure, diluted more or less in dry weather, and stronger as the weather is wetter. For the time of application, Dr. Lindley tells us (Gardener's Chronicle, Feb. 21, 1852:) "For fruit, the proper time for using liquid manure is when the fruit is beginning to swell, and has acquired, by means of its own surface, a power of suction capable of opposing that of the leaves. At that time, liquid manure may be applied freely, and continued from time to time as long as the fruit is growing. But at the first sign of ripening, or even earlier, it should be wholly withheld. If liquid manure is applied to a plant when the flowers are growing, the vigor which it communicates to them must also be communicated to the leaves; but when leaves are growing unusually fast, there is sometimes a danger that they may rob the branches of the sap required for the nutrition of the fruit; and, if that happens, the latter falls off. And we all know, that when ripening has once begun, even water spoils the quality of the fruit, although it augments the size, as is sufficiently shown by the strawberries prepared for the London market by irrigation; great additional size is obtained, but it is at the expense of flavor, and any injury which mere water may produce, will certainly not be diminished by water holding ammoniacal and saline substances in solution." I am not aware that this information has made its way into our orchards, finding no allusion to it in any of our books on orchard management, nor at our agricultural meetings. The time is just coming for putting it to the test, and it remains with the fruit growers to see what profit they can make of it. They need, in these times, all they can get, and this method has the recommendation of requiring little outlay if any.—*Mark Lane Express.*

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

[We copy the following from an interesting article in the *Portsmouth Journal*, from the pen of E. Meriam, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y.,—a gentleman whose opinions on this subject are worthy of respect:]

Lightning-conductors, *reared for the purpose of protection*, afford absolute protection to life against lightning. In all of my long-continued and extensive researches into the phenomena of lightning, I have never found a case of loss of life by lightning either in a building or vessel furnished with a conductor *reared for the purpose of protection*.

As to the fears expressed by many that lightning rods are dangerous, because they say they attract lightning, a brief statement will suffice to show that such fears are wholly and entirely groundless. Steamboats, which contain iron in great quantities, are rarely struck by lightning, and no case of loss of life by lightning has ever been known on board of a steamboat. Iron ships, iron buildings, and warehouses filled with iron, are never struck by lightning, nor have I ever met with a case of loss of life by lightning in a railroad-car. These facts are conclusive as to metals being dangerous from their attraction for lightning.

Trees are no protection, and I advise all persons during thunder-storms to get away as far as possible from trees, whether in front of a building or elsewhere.

Lightning-conductors are of easy construction and need cost but very little, and any person of ordinary capacity can erect them. Iron-wire of No. 1 or No. 2 size, five-sixteenths or one-fourth of an inch in diameter, is abundantly large for a lightning-conductor; it is the size used on board of ships-of-the-line, frigates, and sloops-of-war, and has never failed. Wire of this size costs less than one cent per foot; it can be obtained in pieces of one hundred or more feet in length; no other pointing is required but what can be made by a file. The rod should extend one or two feet above the chimney or cupola, and down to and into the ground to the depth of permanent moisture, and should not come in contact with any other metals. Every chimney to a house should have a rod. A barn fifty feet long should have conductors—one at each end and one in the middle—and may diverge and reach the earth at a distance of twenty feet from the foundation of the building.

The conductors should in no case ascend from one end to the other, but preserve a continuous descent, and in no case make a sharp angle, but where a turn is necessary, it should be a gentle, gradual curve. Where glass insulators are used, the bore should be at least one inch in diameter for a quarter-inch rod, and the iron holder should be painted with two good coats of paint, but the rod should in no case have any paint upon it. The gilded point may flatter human pride, but the lightning needs no such trifling tinselling.

I shall feel a pleasure to give any person precise information as to putting up rods on any kind of buildings, free of any expense.

Persons struck down by lightning, should be freely drenched with cold water; and if animation is not restored, continue the drenching for

hours, and if it fail, add salt to the water and continue the drenching.

More persons have been struck down by lightning during the present year, than during the same length of time for many years. Protection is attainable by almost everybody, and it is surprising that individuals will reject "the way" which the good book says the Creator made for the lighthing of the thunder.

For the New England Farmer.

STATE ALMSHOUSE AT TEWKSBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Messrs. Editors:—Various remarks have been made by different individuals in reference to the State Almshouse at Tewksbury, some of them having a tendency to make a wrong impression on the public mind, and having some personal knowledge of the place, I thought I would make a statement in regard to the institution.

On the 2d day of May last, and 17th day of August, inst., I made two visits to the establishment, went through all the rooms, looked at the diseased inmates, which were numerous, viewed all the conveniences and apparatus for cooking, the privilege of getting water, the furniture, and likewise all the bedrooms and beds, school-rooms and scholars, and everything else of much importance. We have but very little reason to expect in such a congregation of heterogeneous accumulations of ignorance, vice, disease and misery, collected from every point of the compass, that perfect order can be established in a few days, or perfect neatness uniformly prevail, where constant accessions of filth, rags and vermin are concomitant with many of the new comers. Water is one important item of such an establishment: the superintendent informed me that they had a good supply of water at present, but were improving the wells to have it more plentiful and of better quality. He is subduing and preparing the soil about the buildings for future crops, which appears to be of a strong, retentive nature, and will be found good for the production of fruit trees, grass, and many kinds of vegetables. The soil at the foot of the eminence, on which the buildings are located, is a sandy loam, is clear of stones, and easily wrought and will be found by deep plowing and good cultivation to be excellent for grain and many kinds of roots.

The floors of the house were white and unstained by filth or paint, and imitated the parlor floors which our grandmothers used to pride themselves in exhibiting to company. I saw and examined the bread which was made of wheat, well-baked, light and good, better than many of us have at home. I saw a very large number of boys well-clad, cleanly and obedient, march up to the dinner table in single file, under better discipline than our ancient military officers kept their soldiers. I saw the school which consisted of some hundred or two of children, very still and obedient to their teacher, and apparently under good discipline, and the governess doing her duty well. I saw the sleeping apartments, which were clean and well ventilated; the beds and coverings were clean and in good order. And, finally, considering the newness of the establishment and the recent time of occupancy, and the numberless difficulties the superintendent and other functionaries are doomed to encounter, when fully taken into consideration, by the rational mind, what reason has a reasonable man to complain. Let those who use slang and misrepresentation beware that they slander not; what beautiful things truth, moral principle, and a conscience void of offence are; the slanderer generates fuel to consume his own vitals. Let truth and reason prevail over every evil passion, and by the exercise of them prosper the better. The first time I viewed the premises, and went through the apartments and saw the conveniences, my impression was that if those who were taxed to build and support the establishment were as susceptible to envy, as some of our fallen race are, they must feel a degree of it on seeing facilties and conveniences so much superior to their own for rendering the burden of labor light. What have we reason to expect in an establishment for such a purpose, where the inmates, many of them, are the parentage and progeny of all the diseases and vices incident to the old world, with the addition of the variety which exist in the new, but the prevalence of the pestilence which walketh in darkness and devoureth at noonday.

The offspring of many of the inmates are literally conceived in loathsomeness and disease, and born dying in every variety of malady, which is the curse threatened in the commandment of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation," and a severe chastisement for the violation of the laws of God. Who can wonder that cholera and death in every hideous form should be doing its work among such an unfortunate class of polluted victims. The inmates are brought there from every part of the State, and many of them covered with dirt, rags and vermin, to be cleansed, and others with their blood tainted with the most health-destroying diseases. Little chance do the offspring of the poor, inconsiderate, vitiated parents stand to arrive at manhood. On the 17th of August inst., there were six hundred inmates at the institution, and I was informed by the physician that but three had died in August up to that time. It is evident to me that the diseases which the children inherit from their parents are sweeping them off in infancy, independent of cholera or the epidemics incident to our climate. The superintendent and other officers of the establishment shew a good degree of interest in their labors, and the frequent arrival of new inmates seems to promise them a steady run of business. I feel grateful for the gentlemanly kindness of the superintendent and other officers of the institution for conducting me over so much space to give me an opportunity to gain valuable information. Silas Brown.

Wilmington, Aug. 21, 1854.

Wheat Flour, Bolted and Unbolted.—It is said that there are of nutriment peculiarly favorable for the growth of the muscular system, in every 1000 lbs. of wheat, about 28 lbs. In every 1000 lbs. of flour only about 20 lbs., and in every 1000 lbs. of bran, about 60 lbs. To please the eye and the palate we sift out the most nutritive part of the grain, and seek a substitute for it in the consumption of animal food, &c.—There is yet another loss or disadvantage from this rather foolish fastidiousness. The bolted flour will not go nearly so far as the unbolted

If, in a given time, eight persons will consume 40 lbs. of fine flour or the usual product of one bushel of wheat, then it would take a considerably longer time for them to consume that flour with the addition of several pounds of coarser material. This saving from the use of unbolted flour would be greater than just in proportion to the increase in weight of the unbolted above the bolted article, for the former contains the most nutriment. It would be certainly within the limits of truth to calculate that four bushels of wheat would go farther in the unbolted state, than five bushels bolted. This is no contemptible consideration, at present prices of wheat and flour.—To this may be added the fact that unbolted flour is most conducive to health.—*Country Gentleman.*

For the New England Farmer.

HONOR TO THE FARMER'S WIFE.

BY A. G. COMINGS.

We have had some interesting articles from the pen of the editor, upon *Farmer Thrifty* and *Farmer Thriftless*. These have had a very favorable reception in all quarters, and "have gone the rounds" among the scissored fraternity, very much to their honor.

It is never desirable to cripple a fast-sailing ship, nor do anything of the kind; but I cannot help cherishing an inclination to try, at least, to take some of the wind out of those sails, and turn it in a different direction. Having been favored with a view of the inside of "River Cottage," some time since, I am entirely removed from any feeling of danger, if I shall venture to suggest to my esteemed friend, the editor, that Farmer Thrifty's *wife* was justly entitled to a very large share of the honor which has been given to *him*.

A thrifty old-bachelor farmer is a most unnatural, unusual and impossible idea. Mercantile money-worshipers, commercial adventurers, and political fire-eaters, can be made out of those unsocial things called old bachelors. But that first of all employments, and greatest of all, agriculture, requires a being of sense enough to know that he is a man, and to know that no man honors his manhood who is willing to live alone in this wrold, that is, without a wife. The natural design and first proper use of a farm, is as a *home*. What a home that would be, where woman should have no place! Call for Robinson Crusoe, and let him sing of its "charms!"

In an old bachelor's garden, flowers could not bloom, for any good cause. Fruits could not ripen, except the sour crab apple. He who would not have a wife and children about him, could never care for cattle, horses, sheep, hogs or hens, except with the same hoggish care that grunter has for his provender. It is a settled question. No man can be a true farmer who is so much a brute as not to be a social being. But this is all out-door talk. We must go into the house, and take a look at things there, if we want to understand why Farmer Thrifty is always so thrifty and so cheerful.

The chances of thrift in this world, without a wife, are hardly one to a thousand. The chances with a wife, may be reckoned about by square numbers; as, in some communities, about one in four; in others about one in nine; and in others not more than one in sixteen, or perhaps one in twenty-five. We reckon in this way. The faculty to accumulate, and the ability or faculty to save, are two distinct faculties; which have their application both out of doors and in the house. Without two interested persons, to direct or use these faculties and interests, one in the house and one outside, there is scarce a possibility of success. In the most intelligent and well trained communities, of either men or women, not more than one out of two are capable of managing their part successfully. The probability for the success of the couple will be a square of the chances. The chances are two for the man, out of which to bring one; and in the same manner for the woman. Or, more correctly I should say, the chances of each are as one-half; which, squared, leaves one-fourth; or one in four. Where not more than one in three for each, their united chance would be one in nine; and so on.

The faculty in the exercise of which the man is to excel, is an ability to earn, or accumulate; while the faculty necessary for the woman is an ability to preserve, to keep, to economize.

Now if, as poor Richard says, "A penny saved, is as good as two pence earned;" then Farmer Thrifty is not entitled to all the credit of the success which has attended him.

The amount which can be laid up, yearly, after meeting all expenses, is but a small percentage of the stock employed. If the farmer pays interest on his farm, and the farm is worth no more than the sum upon which he pays interest, then he has properly nothing invested except his labor. If his own labor would be worth four hundred dollars, and the economical support of his family would cost him four hundred, the management in the house will decide whether he shall have any profit on this four hundred dollars. If, with the most economical and careful management of his affairs in thehouse, he could lay up six per cent. profit on the worth of his labor, it would be only twenty-four dollars per year. If he could lay up twelve and a half per cent., it would only amount to fifty dollars in a year.

Some women are always very careful not to encroach upon the *time* of their husbands. Their meals are always ready at the time which will favor the out-door work. If they must call for the assistance of "the boys," or the farmer, or for the use of "the horse," it is carefully planned so as to cost as little hindrance as possible. They study economy in the use of fuel, whether it is obtained from the farm or not; and every article of clothing, or of provisions. Everything is put away, in the best order for preservation, or in the proper place for convenience. Then they greatly increase the strength and activity of the farmer, by the cheerful manner and spirit, and the constancy of life, with which they seek to promote his wishes.

The fact is, the wife of Farmer Thrifty makes butter and cheese, when she makes any, which will add twenty-five per cent. to the butter which Farmer Thriftless carries to market. Her boys and girls will be kept in as good order nearly twice as long, with the same clothing and shoes, as those of Farmer Thriftless. Crockery, glass, china ware, &c., can be used upon her table much longer, by reason of a ready care. Farmer Thrifty's wife is a cheerful woman, and people like to

visit at her house. This costs something; but good cheer does so ease the burden of life, that, after all, it is no tax, if not carried to excess.

Now all I have to say about the matter, further, is, that there is no such man as Thrifty, in the list of farmers or mechanics, whose wife is not entitled to as bright a feather in her cap as her husband can wear.

I have no fear that any of the women will get angry with me for what I have said, for none of them read the papers, only the wives of the Thrifties.

A. G. Comings.

Mason, N. H.

For the New England Farmer.

THE CETONIA INDA.

Simon Brown, Esq.:—Dear Sir,—The insects found by Dr. Hopkins to be destructive to peaches are described in my Treatise on injurious insects, pages 35—36, under the name of *Cetonia Inda*. They have appeared a month earlier than usual.

The precocious ripening of peaches, noticed also by your correspondent, is one of the signs of yellows. Another is the growth of slender shoots, clothed with diminutive leaves, on the trunks and branches. These symptoms will be followed next year by yellowness of all the leaves. Experienced cultivators recommend digging up the affected trees and burning them,

Yours, truly,

Thaddeus William Harris.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 26, 1854.

Remarks.—We are again indebted to the kind attentions of Dr. Harris, in directing us to a description of the insect sent us and spoken of by Dr. Hopkins, of Northamption, in his recent communication. Dr. Hopkins will please accept as an apology, for not forwarding the insect as he desired, that we have been deprived the pleasure of visiting our office in Boston for two weeks, in consequence of sickness. We are again grateful for restored health, and are ready to labor in the delightful field of agricultural progress wherever work is to be done. Below we append the history of the *Cetonia Inda*, from Dr. Harris' interesting work on insects.

"Two American Cetonians must suffice as examples in this group. The first is the Indian Cetonia, *Cetonia Inda*, one of our earliest visitors in the spring, making its appearance towards the end of April or the beginning of May, when it may sometimes be seen in considerable numbers around the borders of woods, and in dry open fields, flying just above the grass with a loud humming sound, like a humble-bee, for which perhaps it might at first sight be mistaken. Like other insects of the same genus, it has a broad body, very obtuse behind, with a triangular thorax, and a little wedge-shaped on each side between the hinder angles of the thorax and the shoulders of the wing-covers; the latter, taken together, form an oblong square, but are somewhat notched or widely scolloped on the middle of the outer edges. The head and thorax of this beetle are dark copper-brown, or almost black, and thick, and thickly covered with short greenish yellow hairs; the wing-cases are light yellowish brown, but changeable, with pearly and metallic tints, and spattered with numerous irregular black spots; the under-side of the body, which is very hairy, is of a black color, with the edges of the rings and the legs dull red. It measures about six-tenths of an inch in length. During the summer months the Indian Cetonia is not seen; but about the middle of September a new brood comes forth, the beetles appearing fresh and bright, as though they had just completed their last transformation. At this time they may be found on the flowers of the golden-rod, eating the pollen, and also in great numbers on corn-stalks, and on the trunks of the locust-tree, feeding upon the sweet sap of these plants. On the approach of cold weather they disappear, but I have not been able to ascertain what becomes of them at this time, and only conjecture that they get into some warm and sheltered spot, where they pass the winter in a torpid state, and in the spring issue from their retreats, and finish their career by depositing their eggs for another brood. Those that are seen in the spring want the freshness of the autumnal beetles, a circumstance that favors my conjecture. Their hovering over and occasionally dropping upon the surface of the ground is probably for the purpose of selecting a suitable place to enter the earth and lay their eggs. Hence I suppose that their larvæ or grubs may live on the roots of herbaceous plants.

The other Cetonian beetle to be described is the *Osmoderma scaber*, or rough Osmoderma. It is a large insect, with a broad oval and flattened body; the thorax is nearly round, but wider than long; there are no wedge-shaped pieces between the corners of the thorax, and the shoulders of the wing-cases, and the outer edges of the latter are entire. It is of a purplish-black color, with a coppery lustre; the head is punctured, concave or hollowed on the top, with the edge of the broad visor turned up in the males, nearly flat, and with the edge of the visor not raised in the females; the wing-cases are so thickly and deeply and irregularly punctured as to appear almost as rough as shagreen; the under-side of the body is smooth and without hairs; and the legs are short and stout. In addition to the difference between the sexes above described, it may be mentioned that the females are generally much larger than the males, and often want the coppery polish of the latter. They measure from eight-tenths of an inch to one inch and one-tenth in length. They are nocturnal insects, and conceal themselves during the day in the crevices and hollows of trees, where they feed upon the sap that flows from the bark. They have the odor of Russia leather, and give this out so powerfully, that their presence can be detected, by the scent alone, at the distance of two or three yards from the place of their retreat. This strong smell suggested the name *Osmoderma*, that is scented skin, given to these beetles by the French naturalists. They seem particularly fond of the juices of cherry and apple trees; in the hollows of which I have often discovered them. Their larvæ live in the hollows of these same trees, feeding upon the diseased wood, and causing it more rapidly to decay. They are whitish fleshy grubs, with a reddish hard-shelled head, and closely resemble the grubs of the common dor-beetle. In the autumn each one makes

an oval cell or pod, of fragments of wood, strongly cemented with a kind of glue; it goes through its transformation within the cell, and comes forth in the beetle form in the month of July."

ABOUT APPLE TREES.

The season of Autumn, in New England, has come to be highly favorable to the operations of husbandry. Most of the three autumnal months afford delightful weather for plowing and reclaiming, for building stone walls, ditching and transplanting; the month of November, even, affording weather suitable for hauling manure and preparing the earth for most of the crops of the coming year. The spring time for preparing the soil and getting in the various crops, on the other hand, has come to be usually inclement and short—April being too wet and cold, frequently, either to plow, sow, or plant. It is, therefore, well to accomplish as much of the farm work as possible in the fall, leaving more time in the spring to perform the important labors then before us, more considerately and thoroughly.

We know of no substantial reason why apple trees should not be transplanted in the fall, and there are several reasons which, to our mind, make it *the proper* time. The first we have already adduced—there is a less demand upon our time by other things waiting to be done. We can visit the nurseries and make a more thorough examination of trees in the pleasant autumn days, than through the snows or mud of March and April. Another reason is, that trees well set in October, after having cast their leaves, "will gain fibres enough to support them before winter, and will shoot well the next spring, and better than those planted in the spring." But in fall transplanting, care must be taken that no water remains standing about the tree through the winter; and Bradley says—in his Treatise on Husbandry and Gardening—"we must never fail to plant the same side towards the south which stood so before." The tree being set, it is a good plan to throw the soil about it to the height of a foot or more, which will steady it through the winter and keep its roots in place; in the spring it should be levelled.

Having the tree now set and finely growing, it will not do to let nature sport with it in her freest moods, nor on the other hand to be perpetually at work upon it with the pruning-knife. Continual pruning makes the tree shoot into false wood and miscarry of its buds designed for fruit; and the reason of it is this—the root had filled itself with juices proportionable to the nourishment its standing branches required, and when these are taken away, the effort that nature makes is to supply new shoots to receive the sap which the root has stored up. This will be made evident to any one who will observe the great number of *suckers* or new *shoots* on an old apple tree after it has been severely trimmed for grafting in the spring—the root had laid up the sap, and there not being sufficient outlet for it, it had to supply such outlet by making new wood.

It is often said that the shaping of trees and the training of vines is entirely a matter of taste; but we cannot think the opinion a correct one, any more than it would be applied to the ox, the horse, or the cow. Symmetry in shape in the latter pleases the eye and at the same time gives large muscles and a corresponding strength and weight, and thus utility is combined with good taste. So it is of the tree and the vine. We believe that as much *good taste* is yet to be manifested in the management of trees, as there has already been in the improvement of our animals, and that the development of this good taste will also increase *the profit* of the fruit crops. A great many of the apple, peach, apricot and plum trees in New England, are neither in a state of nature, nor managed according to the rules of art. They are budded or grafted trees, and are thus not according to nature; then they are hacked with axes, lacerated with dull saws and gouged with hob-nailed boots. A limb is smote off here which ought to have remained, and another left there which outrages every rule of proportion. In forming the young tree we would start the limbs about five feet from the ground, and should allow no centre perpendicular stem above them. Three or four branches coming out at opposite sides of the stem will give a round full head, in shape somewhat like an umbrella reversed, and as the tree increases, will throw out numerous lateral branches, which will fill up and form a head of beautiful symmetry, and one which is, we think, the best calculated to produce the greatest money value of fruit. Perhaps not the largest quantity but of the most value. None of these lateral limbs should be allowed to cross the tree—that is, to start from one side and grow *across* the inside of the tree. When shaped in this form, a person may walk pretty much over the top of an apple tree which has been growing twenty years; the light and air is freely admitted, the limbs do not obstruct and chafe each other, and room is left below for the comfortable cultivation of the land. Trees once formed in this manner will scarcely need the knife or saw for years in succession, unless in cases of accidents, provided the cultivator uses his thumb and finger judiciously when the shoots are young and tender.

Apple trees, however, producing different kinds of fruit have different habits of growth. Some inclining to shoot upward in a prim and slender form, others into compact, thick heads, with strong, lateral branches, while others, again, assume a pendent form. Most of the sweet apple trees have long, slender, whiplash-like branches;

the Rhode Island Greening has a compact and pendulous head, the ends of the limbs often touching the ground when loaded with fruit, although leaving the main stem at a distance of five or even six feet from the ground. The branches of the Baldwin usually assume a position the most convenient to come at either for working among or for gathering their fruit, as they seldom take a vertical or true horizontal direction. So the Blue Pearmain and the Sopsavine have forms peculiar to themselves.

Now it will be apparent to any observer that the same kind of pruning will not answer for all these varieties,—and that in order to prune judiciously, there must first be some knowledge of the habit of the tree operated upon. Lacking this knowledge, many trees receive precisely the kind of treatment which they ought not to get.

A word of caution may be given with regard to the depth at which a transplanted tree ought to be set. If too deep, especially if the soil be cold and springy, the fibres and small roots are apt to mould and decay, and thus affect the larger roots; the tree will also frequently throw out a new set of roots just at the point which was originally the crown of the root. But if not set deep enough, the tree is too easily shaken by the wind, and the roots are so near the surface that the proper cultivation cannot be carried on without constant danger of injuring the roots. The rule should be to set the tree as nearly as possible as it stood before it was removed, varying a trifle, perhaps, if the soil is different from that from which it was taken.

It is essential to the thrifty growth, and even the health of trees, that the ground upon which they are set should be cultivated; and we have long observed that where hoed crops are planted, the trees flourish the best. Digging about them for the space of three or four feet will not answer. They feel cramped and confined in such a position, and will not freely extend their roots; they shun a compact grass ground, and will shoot in any direction to avoid it. We once removed a row of apple trees which were four years old, on one side of which was an old mowing field, and on the other a well-cultivated garden; on lifting them we found that on the side of the tree next to the grass ground there had not a root extended to the length of six inches, although the sward itself was not within two feet of the tree. Some roots had started on this side, but had all turned to the lighter earth of the garden. In this mould they had free range and pasturage and many of the roots were three feet long.

Some persons practice digging a space about the trees, and keeping it free from weeds and grass, and then plow a strip through the centre of about half the whole width at which the trees are set apart; this, they say, makes a rich and mellow bed which the roots from each side will seek, and the trees will flourish finely. We have had no experience of this kind, and cannot say how such treatment will succeed. To expect trees to thrive well on grass ground is almost as absurd as to expect them to do so if they were annually defoliated in June.

We will suggest to the inexperienced, also, the importance of protecting the young trees against the effects of the droughts which prevail in our climate. It is important that the tree should be kept generously growing through the month of August. Forest trees are, probably, seldom affected by drought. The leaves which they cast fall upon their roots and soon accumulate to such a depth that the sun's rays are excluded, and evaporation greatly impeded. The cultivator must imitate nature in this respect and cover the ground for several feet about the tree with straw, refuse hay, saw dust, chip dirt, or anything that will have the effect of the fallen leaves. We have seen fine brush, mostly white birch, answer the purpose admirably.

With one other caution we will leave the subject for the present, and that is, to keep all cattle, horses and swine from young trees. The apple is not a difficult tree to raise; with a little but constant care almost any garden will produce enough for the wants of a common family. They can have

> "The pippin, burnished oe'r with gold, the moyle
> Of sweetest honied taste; the fair pearmain,
> Tempered, like comeliest nymph, with white and red."

together with the Baldwin, Porter, Russet, Sweeting, and a dozen other varieties.

For the New England Farmer.

EFFECTS OF THE DROUGHT.

Mr. Editor:—Within a few days past, I have had an opportunity to notice the condition of the crops, in the County of Essex, and never have I seen the effects of the drought more general and destructive. On grass fields, where a fine second crop was expected, there is nothing to be mown, and scarcely anything to be fed. This part of the produce of the farm must fail entirely. Most of the fields of Indian corn are suffering severely. Where a fortnight since there was good reason to expect 60 bushels to the acre, I think the proprietors would gladly compromise for thirty;—and many fields, where the ears had not formed before the drouth began to pinch, there will be scarcely enough to pay for gathering. On such fields, an anxious inquiry arises, what shall be done? Shall the whole be cut up, at the ground and cured for fodder—or shall an attempt be made to cut the stalks—or shall the field be left, until the time of harvest? These are questions, in which many cultivators feel a deep interest. Nothing can be more disheartening to the confiding laborer, who has toiled from April to Sept., in the hope of finding a reward for his labors, in his well filled ears of corn, than to find nothing but cobs, and these imperfectly grown. Such, if I do not mistake, is to

be the fate of many laborers the present season. The corn fields are not alone in suffering. Nearly all the fields of vegetables are suffering in like manner. The ruta baga turnip, where *five and twenty tons* to the acre were hoped for, it will be fortunate to gather *five tons*. I have seen entire acres so scorched that a fire would run through them like a stubble. Onions generally will fail to yield half as many as were expected a month ago. Never was the promise of this crop better than about the middle of July. Trees, fruit and forest, are perishing for want of moisture. All signs of rain fail, and the dust fills the eye and the throat wherever you go. These are facts in this region, I hope it may be better with you—if not the Lord have mercy on us, or we perish.

Aug. 25th, 1854.

For the New England Farmer.

A BEAR STORY.

Mr. Editor:—As I have noticed that you sometimes admit a "bear story" into the *Farmer*, I have scribbled off one, which your readers may rely on as a *true story*, for my grandfather "told it" to me when a child, and after he was ninety years old, more times than I can now remember. My grandfather was a native of New Haven, Conn., and his father owned land "up in the country," which, when my grandfather was about ninety years of age, was a wilderness, (except a few scattering settlements) and which he offered to give to his boys if they would go and settle on it. My grandfather chose a tract in what is now Acworth, N. H., east of old No. 4 on Connecticut River, now Charlestown, N. H. He "took his pack on his back" and footed it through to No. 4. This was soon after the "French war, and eight or ten years before the Revolution. He located himself about five miles east of the settlement of No. 4, in the wilds of the forest, with nought but the wild beasts for his companions, and commenced his future *home* by felling a few trees, setting four crotched poles in the ground, laying poles from one to the other, and covering them with bark. This was his first house.

He would work from Monday morning till Saturday night, felling trees, clearing land, &c., and then return to No. 4 to spend the Sabbath, where he had his washing done and his bread baked.—The next Monday morning he would take his bread and "pork and beans," and return to his labor, with no human being in town but himself. Many an adventure and "hunting story" has he related to, me after he got to be an "*old child*," with all the enthusiasm of a young one.

On one occasion, after a hard day's labor, he had retired to his bunk in one corner of his cabin, to sleep and rest, for he was very tired that night. It was a warm summer night, and the entrance or door to his cabin had been left open. Just as old Morpheus was enfolding him in his arms, he thought that he heard something at his cabin door;—he opened his eyes, and there was an old bear with her head extending into the cabin, taking a snuff at him, as if she would like to taste, if she dared to. He reached to get his "old bear gun," which he always kept ready loaded at the head of his bed; but bruin concluded to leave rather suddenly without her supper, and before grandfather could "take aim."

But for the big bear story, or story of the "big bear."

After several years, my grandfather had a neighbor, a Mr. K., who commenced on land adjoining his. Mr. K. was a married man, and my grandfather now boarded with him. They had got sufficient land cleared and into grass, so that they kept a little "stock;" but they occasionally missed a "young creature," or a sheep from their small flock. They soon ascertained that a big bear had taken the liberty to "lay her paw" on a yearling, two-year-old, or sheep, just which she could find handy, or as she preferred mutton to beef, or vice versa, and "help herself" to such fresh meat as "she chose," without invitation.

She became "notable" on all the "clearings" round about, and soon got so bold as to walk into the pastures and make her selection in the daytime.

They therefore "kept an eye on her," and occasionally got a fair shot, but she escaped the best marksmen, and appeared to be impervious to powder and ball

One Sabbath, when my grandfather was gone to No. 4, Mr. K. and his wife were left alone in their little log house. They had got dinner ready, and were just sitting down at the table, when they heard their old hog, which was in the door-yard, and the only "porker" they had, make an unusual grunting. Mrs. K. remarked to her husband that she guessed he had not given the old hog her dinner, and she was calling for it. He replied that she might wait till they got through with theirs, and that he should not leave his to feed her. But the old hog kept up such a *tremendous grunting*, that Mr. K. thought there must be something unusual, and told his wife to go to the window and see what it could be:—when, behold, there was the "big bear" walking watchfully around the "big hog."

Mrs. K. quickly informed her husband, who got to the door just as the bear pounced upon the hog. Mr. K.'s first object was to save the life of his hog; so, without going back for his gun, he ran immediately out, and began to pelt the old bear with stones, of the size of his fist, with a full determination to make her let go; but the bear was just as determined not to give up her game, (though such sized stones, hurled by such a muscular arm, did not strike very lightly against her ribs and head) and with one paw to hold the hog down, she raised the other high in the air, exposing her large claws, and giving a grin that showed her "beautiful ivory," she gave such a snarl and growl of defiance as would have rather started a fellow unacquainted with bears.

Mr. K. soon became convinced that there was not enough "*virtue in stones*" to make bruin give up his "porker." He therefore ran quickly into his house, took down his gun and powder-horn, without stopping to get his bullet-pouch, and ran back to the "field of action."

The old bear was trying to take up the hog and be off. Mr. K. put a handfull of powder into his gun, and holding the muzzle within a foot or two of the bear's face, "let blaze"—it blowed the wool and skin off one cheek, but the bear walked off with the hog in her mouth for the woods, which were thirty or forty rods from the house. Mr. K. began to put down a charge of powder, and called to his wife to bring the bullet-pouch, which

she quickly brought, and he down with the ball; but in his haste, when he cocked his gun, he pulled so hard on the lock, that he dislocated some part of the inside work, so that when he took aim, he could not pull it off, (but the bear was all the time moving off with his hog.) He called to his wife to bring a brand of fire, and when he got aim, he would give the "word of command," and she must "touch it off." Well, "all was ready," the command given, his wife applied the fire-brand to the powder in the pan—"bang goes the gun," but the bear had got so far off as to be out of reach of his piece, and entered the woods in triumph, with the hog in her mouth. What could they do for meat the next winter? Their only hog was gone!

My grandfather returned that evening, and in the morning they went out to hunt for the hog in the woods. After some search they found her covered with leaves and brush, but partly eaten up. They concluded to load both their guns with two bullets each, and set them cocked in a right direction, with one end of a cord attached to the triggers of the guns, and the other to a piece of the pork, so that when the old bear came to take her next meal, she would unconsciously shoot herself. About midnight they heard both guns go, bang! bang! but in the morning no bear was to be found, though both guns were fired off. They gave her up for that time. The next fall, Mr. K.'s cow was taken sick and died, which with the loss of their hog, left them with but a small prospect of milk and meat for the next year.

They concluded to put the carcass of the cow in the woods near where the bear left the hog, in hopes that the bear would come to feast on the carcass of the cow, and perchance they might yet capture her. It was not long before they found that some animal of not very "small proportions" was helping itself to not very small quantities of the "*extra* beef." Mr. K. and my grandfather appointed a night to go and watch near the carcass of the cow, for the bear. They loaded both their guns with two balls each, and just at dusk they went to the woods, and seated themselves six or eight rods from the carcass, at the roots and on opposite sides of a large hemlock tree, with the agreement to keep as still as possible for an hour or two, as they expected that the bear would come the fore part of the night, if at all. They sat still for about two hours, without any conversation, their backs resting against the big tree, and the breech of their guns resting on the ground between their feet, and as they were on opposite sides of the tree, they had a view of all points of the compass; but with all their gazings and listening they could neither see, nor hear anything of the bear.

It had now got to be past ten o'clock, and extremely dark; and as my grandfather had been at work very hard through the day, he was quite tired, and ventured to whisper to Mr. K, that he thought it best to go home, as the bear would have probably been there by that time if she had been coming at all that night; and if she did come, it was so dark they could not see her five rods off. Mr. K. replied, that if he would wait a short time, and the bear did not come, they would go home. They again kept still as the darkness around them;—in about fifteen minutes my grandfather heard the click of Mr. K.'s gun, as though he were cocking it, and in another minute "whang" goes his gun, and there was such a bounding and thrashing as indicated "something was disturbed," while the discharge of the peace echoed through "those grand old woods," and sounded in the "stilly night" like the discharge of a field-piece. Mr. K. thought before he fired, that he heard something moving among the leaves, that made not much more noise than a mouse. He gazed with all his might into the darkness, in the direction of the slight noise, and thought he could discover a spot blacker than darkness; he cocked his gun, raised it to his face, but he could see nothing, and all was still. He waited a moment, and thought he heard a slight crackle of dry twigs and leaves; he gazed again with all his power, and thought he could see one spot blacker than the darkness around, and that it slowly moved. He ventured to fire, and hence the thrashing and bounding;—something must be "scared if not hurt;" but it was so dark that they could not ascertain that night what had been done. They went home, and in the morning returned to the woods to search for the game. About six rods from the tree by which they sat, and in the direction that Mr. K. fired, they discovered the old bear's tracks, which they followed, (and also marks of blood on the leaves,) about twenty rods, when they came to the old bear,—dead, dead, dead! Yes, 'twas "that same old bear," for there was no hair on one side of his face, "on the place where the wool used to grow." The charge of powder that Mr. K. fired against it, when trying to save his hog, burned so deep that no hair ever grew out. When they dressed her they found seven musket and rifle balls in different parts of her meat, and a charge of pidgeon shot in her buttock. She weighed between seven and eight hundred pounds, and had to answer for their "pork" that winter; though it was "bear's meat" after all.

MILAN.

Morristown, Vt.

For the New England Farmer.

SOW THE WINTER WHEAT.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—Universal drought seems to have seared our whole country as with a hot iron.

The hay and grain harvests seem to have been satisfactory, as far as they went. The pinch, or general failure, falls upon the corn and potato crops; now suppose all the farmers of New England had averaged this season three acres of winter wheat or fifty bushels to the farm, would it not have been comforting in these dubious days which threaten the failure of other crops? A farmer from N.H., writes to a brother here, that he has cut up his corn for fodder, and will not have a peck of potatoes on his farm.

We have patiently waited for lower prices in breadstuffs—hoping that demand abroad would lessen, but this will be met by increased consumption at home. The new crop has not reduced the price of flour to so low a point as was expected; high prices are inevitable; these are *lessons* and *warnings* not to be overlooked. Self-protection and self-interest demand a universal effort among your farmers; they will yet be made to believe that wheat is as legitimate a crop among them, as is winter rye. Practice will prove it.

This is seed-time, the precious time to sow the

grain. Every bushel should be in the ground by the middle of September. In my last I alluded to the manner of cultivation and gave such reasons as I think to be right; Mr. Editor, you recommended 1¼ to 1½ bushel to the acre. For six years I sowed two bushels to the acre, and never found I had over-seeded. I soak the seed in weak salt pickle over night, skimming off the foul seed and then rake it well in ashes on the barn-floor; this makes it come up very quick.

A farmer in Maine says he has got the best wheat from pasture lands.

The *waste* pasture lands of the old States, if cultivated in wheat, would furnish the people with bread. Hundreds of thousands of such, and of excellent quality (many of which hold their own although fed from generation to generation) were they cultivated, would disclose a richness of soil, capable of producing large crops, and when prepared to lay down to grass, *ten acres* thus brought up, will produce more feed than fifty acres of ordinary pasturage that stock have ranged over for a century. Drought pinches it less; feed continues good when the old pasture is dry; the cows go home well charged with milk; they have not worked so hard to fill themselves; they fatten instead of growing lean, and thus a double object would be gained by reforming the old, worn-out pasturage system, which constitutes a large portion of the farms of New England.

It would seem to be a good season to plow a pasture and sow wheat on the sod, and if well-manured, grass seed may be sown at the same time, so that little time would be lost in using it as a pasture; I have practiced in this way, (laying down to grass on the sod) although the grass somewhat interferes with the wheat crop, but not much. Yours truly, H. Poor.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug., 28, 1854.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST MAN?

We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money, and that is only $70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their $70 per annum.

We know of a man in New York, who expends $25,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas-light more than the whole income of the Michigan man. He makes annual holiday presents to more than the whole amount of the property of the Michigan man. It costs him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well, and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest, healthiest and most enviable man. They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and papers places abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity for intense activity, deprive the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former, in the probable course of events, will die of old age at ninety, the latter at seventy. Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth.—*Toledo (O.) Blade.*

For the New England Farmer.

HAY-CUTTERS—HOW TO SAVE CHILDREN'S FINGERS.

My Dear Brown:—A lady says I must forthwith tell the public, through the *Farmer*, how I have contrived to fasten my hay-cutter, so that children cannot cut off their fingers with it. It is one that has a crank and fly-wheel, of the kind most used. I first fastened the machine to the barn floor with hasps. Then I took a round walnut stick, about 4 feet long and 1½ inch in diameter, for a spring, and made it fast to a post of the barn, so that it projects over the fly-wheel, as high up as a man of proper size can conveniently reach. About a hand's breadth from the end of my spring, I attached a leather strap, which hangs down over the wheel, and to the end of the strap I fastened a hook, which I made in about two minutes, of a piece of No. 9 wire, doubled and twisted. Let the strap be short enough to give sufficient strain, take hold of the projecting end of the spring and bend it down, and hook on to the fly-wheel. A spring which a man can thus bend in an instant, will support the weight of a whole family of small children, without starting. If anybody knows of a better contrivance than this, for the purpose, it is his duty to make it known. I think it is about a fair estimate, that one child in every four, where a hay-cutter is used, in their bringing up, will be found, with more or less fingers cut off. One of my own cut one of his nearly off, at three years old, and I know of a family where three boys out of seven have lost portions of their fingers in this way.

I was induced thus to secure mine, one day last week, for the safety of the children of a friend from a city, who came with his family to visit me, knowing that the first civility shown by country children to their little cousins from the city is, to cut their fingers off with the hay-cutter, and I finished the job the first morning before breakfast with my own hands, so that, if you can, guess at what time I rise, and at what time breakfast is ready, you can calculate just how much time it took.

If somebody will "continue the subject" and invent some way to protect the hands of men as well as children, from these machines, he will prove a benefactor to his race. I have had a machine in use seven years, and one of my men cut one finger entirely off, and that and Willie's finger, which entirely recovered, are the worst cuts we have had. One of my neighbors has been less fortunate; and from what I hear, I should judge that, in the same time, something less than half a peck of fingers had undergone the guillotine, with his machine.

To be sure, everybody knows, that if a man is careful, he need not thus injure himself, but it has always struck me as a poor kind of consolation to tell a person thus maimed, that his accident was

the result of his own carelessness. At least, let us protect the children from such misfortunes.

There is scarcely anything that so readily moves the compassion of a man who has a heart in the right place, as to see even the child of a stranger mutilated in such a manner. You and I, friend Brown, know a boy who has lost two fingers by such a machine, whose father now, years afterwards, can never allude to the accident without being moved to tears. H. F. FRENCH.

Exeter, N. H., Aug. 26, 1854.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

The following table, which we find in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, is from the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Manor, at Albany, where large amounts of rent are payable in wheat, or a cash equivalent, on the first of January, each year; and as two parties are deeply interested in the price, it is probably the most reliably correct of any record that can be obtained. There is quite a lesson in these figures—look at them.

Price of wheat per bushel, January 1st, at Albany, sixty-one years, viz:—

1793	$0 75	1824	$1 25
1794	1 00	1825	1 00
1795	1 37½	1826	87½
1796	2 00	1827	1 00
1797	1 50	1828	1 00
1798	1 25	1829	1 75
1799	1 18¾	1830	1 00
1800	1 50½	1831	1 25
1801	1 81½	1832	1 25
1802	1 00	1833	1 00
1803	1 12½	1834	1 00
1804	1 25	1835	1 00
1805	2 00	1836	1 50
1806	1 43¾	1837	2 25
1807	1 37½	1838	1 62½
1808	1 12½	1839	1 75
1809	1 00	1840	1 12½
1810	1 56¼	1841	1 00
1811	1 75	1842	1 25
1812	1 87½	1843	1 87½.
1813	2 25	1844	2 00
1814	1 87½	1845	93¾
1815	1 62½	1846	1 18¾
1816	1 75	1847	1 12½
1817	2 25	1848	1 81½
1818	1 87½	1849	1 18¾
1819	1 75	1850	1 18¾
1820	1 00	1851	1 12½
1821	77	1852	1 00
1822	1 12½	1853	1 18¾
1823	1 25	1854	1 75

You will notice that only five times in all those years wheat has been $2 or upwards per bushel, while it was seventeen times at $1 or under—twice at 75 cents. Only once in thirty-seven years, that is since 1817, to wit in 1837, has it reached $2. The average price for the whole period is $1,38. For the last thirty years it is $1,25, and we give it as a prophecy, which, we think, may be relied upon, that that will be the price next January. Those who are interested may as well take a note of that. The crop of wheat is too good, too wide extended and the demand for export to Europe or California too limited and flour speculators too hard up to maintain present prices. You may as well mark that, Messrs. Farmers and Wheat buyers.—*N. Y. Tribune, July* 22.

It will be seen that the above was written about a month ago. Since then, the continued drought has very seriously affected the Indian corn crop throughout a large portion of the country, and in many instances in extensive sections entirely ruined it. This cannot fail to affect in a considerable degree the price of wheat, and we are inclined to believe that it will range much higher than it is estimated above—probably quite as high as in January, 1854.—*Country Gentleman.*

For the New England Farmer.

GRAPE WINE—DROUGHT.

FRIEND BROWN:—In answer to your correspondent in regard to grape wine, I would say that any one that knows how to make good cider, can make good wine from native grapes, as the process is just the same, only that sugar and water are added to the wine. The wine that you saw and tasted, was not more than 1-5 water, and nearly 3 lbs. good brown sugar were added to the gallon, and it was pressed out in a new basket; using clean washed salt bags for strainers, and laying weights on top for a press.

The wine I made last year, is not as good as that made the year before. The grapes should be well ripened, but not too ripe.

The drought is more severe here at this time, than I ever knew it, although the streams and springs are not as low as I have seen them many times before. Corn and potatoes are suffering very much, and some fields are past recovery. Apples look well, and are very free from insects, but they will ripen prematurely if we do not have rain soon.

The trees do not all bear fruit as they do generally in the bearing year, but there is very little that is poor and knurly. B. F. CUTTER.

Pelham, N. H., Aug., 1854.

For the New England Farmer.

A GOOD GARDEN.

MR. BROWN:—I have taken your *N. E. Farmer* ever since its commencement, and have often on looking it over, had a mind to tell you my experience as a farmer and gardener. Well, sir, thirty years ago I purchased an establishment consisting of a dwelling-house, barn, carriage and wood-house, calculating to make it a permanent residence. There was attached a little land for a garden, on which were just five apple trees, and in front of the house were three trees of the balm of Gilead; the trees were all about six inches in diameter at that time, but two of the apple trees were hollow, and I cut one of them down, after trying to make it do something and could not.

Well, all the apple trees bore something for fruit, but so crabbed and sour they would make a pig squeal. At this time I was engaged as a trader, and had a country store to look after, which occupied about all my time, but as time wore on and stage-coaches and railroad cars succeeded one another, I had more time; for I can now travel as far in four hours as I could then in two entire days with my team. Well, for amusement I grafted all the four apple trees gradually, or year by by year, cutting off the old branches and grafting the limbs with Roxbury russets, New York russets, Baldwins, &c., &c., all the best kinds I could find. Now for results;—I have had about ten barrels of good apples, annually, to put up for winter for three or four years past, beside all we

used in the family of five, and we have used them freely, all we wanted, till time to gather the winter apples.

I have a yard in front of my house about forty feet square, in front of which are two of the balm of Gilead trees before mentioned, which are now large trees, and I have left them outside of the front fence; but inside of the fence I set out about ten years ago, three pear trees of the common summer pear, which now give us all the pears we want, for they have borne well for abou t four years. From the pear trees to the house, I filled the space with flower-beds, and have had many varieties, say twenty kinds of roses, and nearly one hundred kinds of flowers; I have planted on the south side of my buildings, next to the passage to the barn, plums, peaches and grapes. The peaches have not succeeded well, nor the plums, so I cut the plum trees off and grafted them with the green and purple gage, only three or four years ago, and now I have plenty of the finest plums I ever saw, so that I have had to prop the small branches. My grapes began to bear last year; I had about a bushel, and I should think I might get double the quantity this year. I have set out some quinces but they do not bear yet.

Beside the trees and grape vines, I have annually raised about ten or fifteen bushels of potatoes, six or seven bushels beets and carrots, some English turnips and ruta-bagas, and a few cabbages and onions, as many as our folks wanted to use. We have also had beans, peas and corn, what we wanted to use green, and I have annually had about three or four bushels of dry corn, say two bushels common yellow corn, one bushel of pop corn and sweet corn enough to plant myself and supply all my neighbors. Also, I have annually raised cucumbers, water and muskmelons, summer and winter squashes. one or two hundred pounds of each: eight hundred or one thousand pounds pumpkins. All this has been raised on less than half an acre of ground, including buildings and drive-way, and I have had more vegetables for years in my family, than some men that cultivate one hundred acres, and all on poor, gravelly New Hampshire land, without any help but my girls in the flower department. And as Goldsmith says, "we make every rood of ground support its man."

Fitzwilliam, August, 1854. D. S.

HOMINY.

In point of economy, as human food one bushel of beans or hominy is equal to ten of potatoes. Hominy, too, is a dish almost as universally liked as potatoes, and at the South about as freely eaten, while at the North it is seldom seen. In fact, it is an unknown food except to a few persons in cities. By hominy. we do not mean a sort of coarse meal, but grains of white corn, from which the hull and chit or eye has been removed, by moistening and pounding in a wooden mortar, leaving the grains almost whole, and composed of little else but starch. It has been said that not one cook in ten knows how to boil a potato We may add another cipher when speaking of the very simple process of cooking hominy. We give the formula from our own experience and instructions received in a land where "hog and hominy" are well understood. Wash slightly in cold water, and soak twelve hours in tepid soft water; then boil slowly from three to six hours in the same water, with plenty more added from time to time with great care to prevent burning. Do not salt while cooking as that, or hard water will harden the corn. So it will peas or beans, green or dry, and rice also. When done, add butter and salt; or a better way is to let each season to suit their taste. It may be eaten with meat in lieu of vegetables, or with sugar or syrup. It is good hot or cold, and the more frequently it is warmed over, like the old-fashioned pot of

> "Bean-porridge hot, bean-porridge cold,
> Bean-porridge best when it's nine days old."

So is hominy—it is good always, and very wholesome, and, like tomatoes, only requires to be eaten once or twice to fix the taste in its favor.—*Journal of Health.*

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter (Posphia crepitans) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again, or pretend to avoid them, as if afraid. Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

Deer often engage in a sham battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang outang, in wrestling with his keeper, attempts to throw him and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblence of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring; the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward at another. Rengger saw young jaguar and cugars playing with round substances like kittens.

Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and eminences in the pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner.

Birds of the Pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie which was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them in a hole about eighteen inches deep made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried currack! triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

SOUTH DOWN SHEEP.

The South Down sheep, according to one of the best judges as well as extensive breeders of them, Mr. Ellman, should have the head small and horn-less, the face speckeled or grey, the under jaw fine and thin, and the whole space between the ears well fortified with wool; the eye full and bright; the neck thin towards the head, but enlarging towards the shoulders, and then broad and high; the chest wide, deep, and projecting between the fore legs; the shoulders level with the back, bowing outwards from the top to the breast, leaving room for a springing rib beneath; the rib coming out horizontally from the spine, and the last projecting from the rest; the back flat from the shoulders to the tail; the loin broad and flat; the hips wide; the belly as straight as the back; the legs neither too long nor too short, fine without weakness, and of a speckled or dark color; the belly well defended with wool; the wool coming down before and behind to the knee; and short, close, curled, fine, and free from spiry projecting fibres; the flesh fine grained and of excellent flavor. Fat weathers used to average about eighteen pounds per quarter; but this has been considerably increased by late attempts to improve the size of the carcass.

Three sheep were exhibited at the Smithfield Cattle Show England, in 1835, the largest of which weighed 294 pounds, and the smallest 283 pounds.

With the increased weight of carcass, the wool has also increased in weight and length of fibre. It rarely used to be more than two inches in length—it may now be averaged at three inches and a half. It used to be employed in the coarse cloths, and perhaps a small portion of it found its way into the finer cloths—it now has become a combing wool. It is valuable in carpets, flannels, and worsted goods of every description. It has changed its character. It is more extensively useful; and, considering the increased weight of the fleece, and that of the carcass, and, more especially the early maturity of the animal, the South down sheep is progressively and decidedly improving.

These sheep have been bred for ages past on the chalky soil of South Downs, in Sussex, England, and on such short pasture, and in such exposed situations, they are perhaps the most valuable breed in the kingdom; but they are spreading fast, not only into similar districts, but into countries better calculated for long-wooled and larger sheep.

TOMATO FIGS.

We have seen and tasted those delightful figs referred to in the following article from Hovey's excellent Horticultural Magazine; and endorse all which he says in their favor. We hope that those who raise abundance of tomatoes will save this recipe, and try the experiment, if only on a small scale.

Recipe for Tomato Figs.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down

in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of this syrup make a very nice sauce.—*Mrs. Eliza Marsh.*

It is only necessary for us to add, that the Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society awarded Mrs. Marsh the Society's Silver Medal for excellent specimens exhibited November 29.—They were tested by the Committee, and pronounced to be superior to any they had ever seen. They were put up in small boxes, and to our taste were far better than two-thirds of what are sold in our market for the best Smyrna figs.—*Ed. Horticultural Magazine.*

For the New England Farmer.

SONG OF THE FARMER.

BY THE "PEASANT BARD."

Give to the lord his palace grand,
And halls of splendid pride;
A fig for all his dignities,
And all his pomp beside!
Give me the FARMER'S peaceful home,
Beneath the maples high,
Where Nature's warblers wake the song,
The waters prattling nigh.

The citizen may love the town,
And Fashion's gaudy show;
The brilliant pageantry of Art
May please the eye, I know;
But NATURE'S charms delight the heart,
All simple though they be;
The acres broad, the streamy vales,
The lowing herds for me!

What though the bronze is on our cheek,
Toil-calloused is our hand,
With honest pride we stand erect,
The nobles of the land;
For "patriot TRUTH," that spirit bright,
In this wide world so rare,
Points proudly to the Farmer's home,
And cries,—My own are there!

CHORUS.

Then here's to him who tills the soil,
The true, the strong, the brave!
Without him ART would fly the land,
And COMMERCE leave the wave;
And yet no frown of haughtur cold
Distains his manly brow;—
Hail to the FARMER! thrice all hail!
Lord of the mighty plow!

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.—Prof. Dascom, of Oberlin, in a letter to the *Ohio Farmer*, says:

"Would it not be well to call the attention of your readers to the ease and certainty with which they may be relieved from the annoyance of the large brown rat. This impudent intruder often visits my laboratory and other premises. As they come singly, I 'take off' each, the night after I discover signs of his presence, in this wise: I take half a tea spoonful of dry flour or Indian meal on a plate or piece of board, and sprinkle over it the fraction of a grain of strichnine. This is set in a convenient place, and I invariably find the culprit near the spot dead in the morning. The peculiar advantage of this poison is, it produces muscular spasms, which prevent the animal from reaching his hole to die and decompose. It is needless to add that such a violent poison should be used with care."

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

LEACHED ASHES—WHEAT.

MR. EDITOR:—As you are liberal in answering the inquiries of the inexperienced, I should be very glad to be told through the columns of your truly interesting and useful paper, the *New England Farmer*, whether leached ashes can be used with profit as a top-dressing on grass lands; if so, when and how they be applied? I should be pleased, and I presume many of your readers would be pleased, to hear from your field of "Blue Stem Wheat as handsome as ever stood on the ground," and a little instruction on the subject of raising wheat would be gratefully received, as I should like to sow a little this fall.

INQUIRER.

Raynham, Aug., 1854.

REMARKS.—Leached ashes are excellent as a top dressing for grass lands. Apply them in the fall, if convenient, if not, at any other time.

The field of Winter Blue Stem wheat alluded to will turn out about twenty bushels to the acre; the drought affected it materially. The day on which it ought to have been cut was the 25th of July, and on that day it rained and continued sultry for nearly a week, during which time the straw rusted a little, and the kernel undoubtedly received no benefit from it after that took place. We have given in several recent numbers of the *Farmer* all that seems necessary to be said at present upon the cultivation of the wheat crop.

COWS SHEDDING MILK.

One of your readers of the *New England Farmer* would like to know the best mode to prevent cows from shedding milk—any information from your numerous readers on the above subject will be thankfully received. DERBY SMITH.

Derby, Aug., 1854.

TYING DOWN BUDS.

MR. BROWN:—Last season I noticed that some of the buds I had set commenced growing. As an experiment (with me) I tied down the buds that had started by passing some matting around the stock and directly over the growing buds. This stopped their growth. This spring they started equally as well as those that did not start prematurely. This season (rather early) I inserted six buds of the Queen of the Prairie Rose into one stock of another rose; they all commenced to grow. I tied down five of the buds, as above; these from pressure remain dormant, while the one not tied, has grown some six or seven inches.

Windsor, Vt. E. W. SMITH.

KENTUCKY OATS.

Enclosed I send you a head from my field of Kentucky oats, plucked green, and "*many such might have been seen.*" On it I find 160 pods of kernels nearly all of which contain two perfect kernels. The head measures 16 inches, consequently when fully ripe would have contained not less than 240 perfect seeds of its own kind. I have seen ten heads from one seed, the smallest of which contained 56 pods and the largest 189. The others ranged between these two extremes. In extra seasons I have weighed them at 49½ lbs. per bushel

—average, say, about 43 lbs. I have this year on hand for seed, about 400 bushels, which I shall be ready to distribute among farmers in a few weeks, as soon as they can be thrashed. They grow on all sides of the stem, in the same kinds of soil, and yield per No. bhls., about the same as common oats. GEO. F. NUTTING.

Randolph, Vt., 1854.

TO PREVENT FOWLS FROM SCRATCHING.

A simple, cheap, and effective method of preventing fowls from scratching in the garden or field. Take strips of sheep or calf skin, soft and pliable, cut a slot in each end and noose it around their ancles, so that the *step* may be about 4 inches long and *no more*. As all fowls necessarily spread their feet to the utmost when they scratch for seed or insects, it will be seen at once that these operations must be effectually *curtailed*. Those who have conveniences for confining or feeding their hens, will not need this method. But there are many who have not such contrivances, and to them I would reccommend its trial. While it prevents the *injury* they can do, it also permits them to roam for their food, &c., without the cost of feeding, &c. After suffering several dollars damage the present season, this plan came to my mind and I cheerfully recommend it to others.

G. F. N.

MANURE FOR WHEAT.

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks since one of your agents persuaded me, somewhat against my own judgment, to become a subscriber for the "*New England Farmer.*" Against my judgment I say, not because I had any doubts with regard to the value of your excellent paper, but I felt that I had already as much capital invested in newspapers as I could well afford. But I have not for a moment regretted that I concluded to take it, and I hope I shall never be deprived of its welcome weekly visits while I am engaged in agricultural pursuits. (*a.*)

My object in this communication is to ask of yourself or some of your correspondents a word of advice that I have not yet been able satisfactorily to glean from any papers that I have yet seen. I have a piece of land that geologists would call a clayey loam, situated where it cannot conveniently be manured in the ordinary way. I have plowed a part of it on which I design to sow winter wheat. Now what kind of fertilizer would you think best to use, taking into the account its cost, its effect upon the wheat crop, and also upon the land for some years after? And should it be applied in the fall or spring? (*b.*)

Fairlee, Vt., 1854. JOHN STRATTON.

REMARKS.— (*a.*) That is the true way to test any paper—take it and try it. If you are satisfied that you do not get three or four times the value of its cost, why then discontinue it.

(*b.*) If you wish to manure this land in the most profitable manner, apply to the acre,

Mexican Guano	300 pounds.
Ground Bone, (dry)	200 "
Ashes	15 bushels.
Lime	6 "

The land should be plowed not less than 8 inches deep; 12 inches would be better; should be thoroughly pulverized, and fertilizers worked in 3 or 4 inches deep, or even a little more, immediately before sowing the wheat. Sow early in September. But you must look well to the drainage, and see that there are no hollows where surface water will collect and freeze. Indeed, the land should be underdrained, if at all springy. If you take this course, please give us the result.

CHIP DIRT.

I wish to inquire how chip dirt will do to put into the pig pen with meadow muck, for the pigs to work over? The chip dirt has been accumulating for two or three years, is composed chiefly of rotten pine, and is pretty well pulverized. My land is clay loam; I generally dung my corn in the hill, as the ground is new, and I can get better crops by so doing. G. D. S.

West Danville, Aug., 1854.

REMARKS.—The fine portions of the chip dirt may be used to advantage in the pig pen. The coarser parts make a good mulch for young trees.

IS FARMING PROFITABLE?

We often hear the affirmative of this decided, and by persons, too, whose opinions are entitled to credit. We do not prefer to discuss this subject, but to give practical illustration of it, and let our readers make the application.

Deacon Brooks Shattuck, of Bedford, bought and moved upon his farm eleven years since. It was a rough farm, for which he paid $2300. He was a manufacturer, and had shattered his health in a mill at Lowell. He paid in cash $900, leaving a debt to be paid from the farm of $1400. During that eleven years he has supported a large family, educated his children, having one son in college: has contributed liberally to the charities of the day; has been a liberal supporter and patron of Agricultural Societies, spending time and money freely, to further these objects; in a word, he has been an active, and industrious, *book farmer*. Now mark the result. He has sold from his farm $100 of land and $300 worth of wood, timber, &c., standing upon the same, which may not be reckoned as the result of agricultural labor. He has paid the $1400, and a few weeks since sold his farm for $3700. Giving a ballance on his farm of $1500, for improvements and rise in value of lands.

To recapitulate, receipts from farm,

Land, wood and timber sold	$400
Debts and interest paid	1800
Balance on sale over cost of farm	1500
Leaving the snug little sum of	$3700

for the receipts on the purchase and carrying on a farm for eleven years, besides the support of a large family. In addition he has *recovered his health*, so as to labor daily upon his farm.

Is there profit or not in books?—*Granite Farmer.*

EXTENSIVE CORN FIELD.—The beautiful farm belonging to Wm. S. Sullivant, Esq., containing 1,200 acres, adjoining the town of Franklinton, has been rented to Messrs. Dixon, Merrick and Stitt, of this city, and from the manner in which it has been worked this season, they may well claim to be classed among the model farmers of the day.

Notwithstanding the continual wet weather about planting time, they succeeded in putting in six hundred acres of corn, and by constant care and attention, they can show the tallest corn in the neighborhood. Fifteen shovel plows and three cultivators, worked by eighteen men and twenty-five horses, are kept in constant requisition; and the result is that scarcely a weed can be seen in the well plowed furrows. Twenty-five German girls follow the plow, and do the hoeing, for which they receive 62½ cents per day. The men receive $20 a month. The view of the mound upon which the "log cabin" stands, is exceedingly beautiful. Far as the eye can reach, as you look down towards the "sunny banks" of the Scioto, the summer breezes stir the waving corn.—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

WAGES.

[The Hon. Amasa Walker, late Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, has delivered a lecture before the Commercial and Nautical Institute of Boston, upon the subject of *Wages*. We take pleasure in extracting some portions of it into our columns:]

NOMINAL AND REAL WAGES.

There is often a considerable difference between nominal and real wages, or between the wages of the employee when reckoned in money, or when realized in such commodities as his wants require.

Man does not work for money, but for that which money will buy. It may happen that with high money wages he may get very low merchandise wages; nay more, it may be true that when he has the largest nominal, he will generally have the smallest real wages.

As this question is one of fact, I have taken the pains to ascertain the wages of labor at three different periods, and also the prices of ten different commodities, such as the labor would naturally purchase at the same periods, and the result is as follows:

	Wages. $1,25 per day. 1836.	Wages. $1 per day. 1840.	Wages. $1 per day. 1843.
1 barrel flour,	$9,50	$5,50	$4,75
25 lbs. sugar, at 9c	2,25	2,00	1,62
10 gals. molasses, 42½,	4,25	2,70	1,80
½ bbl. pork,	4,50	3,50	5,00
14 lbs. coffee, 12½,	1,75	1,50	1,00
25 lbs. rice,	1,25	1,00	75
1 bushel corn meal,	90	65	62
1 do. rye meal,	1,08	83	73
30 lbs. butter, 22c	6,60	4,80	4,20
20 lbs. cheese, 10c	2,00	1,60	1,40
	$44,00	$28,98	$22,00

Such are the wages of a common laborer in Boston in the years mentioned above, and such the prices of the commodities specified.

It appears then that in 1836 it required the labor of 34½ days (omitting in all cases unimportant fractions) to pay for the above commodities; while in 1840 it required only the labor of 29 days, and in 1843 that of only 23¼ days to pay for the same: and thus the important fact is disclosed that while the nominal rate of wages was higher by 25 per cent. in 1836 than in 1840 or in 1843, yet real wages were 22 per cent. in 1840, and 29 per cent. in 1843, higher than in 1836.

This affords a striking illustration of the difference between money wages and corn wages, as they are sometimes called; or in other words, between the nominal and actual reward which the laborer receives for his services.

We do not say that there would be throughout as great a difference as shown by the foregoing table, because all commodities would not vary perhaps as much within a short period as those we have selected. Rent and some other charges which the laborer must incur, would not perhaps be as much affected by fluctuations in prices, yet the foregoing undoubtedly affords an approximation to the general fact, and is sufficient not only to establish our principle, but to prove that the subject is worthy the attention of political economists as well as laborers.

Another obvious difference between nominal and real wages arises from a mere change of location. For example, a carpenter who could obtain but $1,25 in Vermont, might by going to New York city get $2, or to New Orleans $2,50; yet it would be found, perhaps, that if all things were taken into the account, if the expenses of maintaining himself and family in health and comfort were well considered, the wages obtained in Vermont might be greater than in New York or New Orleans.

PROPORTIONATE RISE AND FALL OF WAGES.

Although wages rise and fall with the general rise and fall of commodities, they do not do so in equal proportion. The fact is one of common observation; but the reason of this variation we don't recollect to have seen stated. It is, however, apparent on a little reflection. For all material products, there is both an actual and a speculative demand—for labor there is only an actual demand. When business begins to be particularly prosperous, and there is a general demand for all kinds of merchandise, prices will gradually begin to improve. This give rise at once to a speculative demand, for to buy will be to realize and advance; the larger the purchases, the greater the profits; for every operation pays. The speculative demand goes on until every article bought and sold as merchandise goes up to its highest limit.

But no one speculates in wages. No one can, if he would, purchase a hundred thousand dollars' worth of labor and hold it for an advance as he can of every article that the laborer consumes. Of course, labor has no advantage of this kind of demand which affects other things, but must rely entirely on that which is immediate and actual. Therefore, a general rise of prices must always operate against the laborer or person employed on salary or wages.

But wages not only never rise so much as other commodities, but never rise so soon. The reason is that the rise of commodities is greatly accelerated by the speculative demand, while labor is not as before stated, affected by that kind of demand at all. Hence, it does not rise until speculation has engendered a spirit of extravagance and increased consumption, and then wages take an advantage about half as great on an average as that of merchandise and other things.

Wages fall sooner, because merchandise may be and is held for high prices, if need be. Its fall is broken by the disposition and ability of the owners to hold on, and as far as possible prevent loss, but the laborer cannot hold on—he must sell his commodity at once for the most it will bring.

It is for this very obvious reason that wages, in

times of depression, must fall, not only sooner, but lower than property in general.

This was shown in 1837 and 1838, when the wages of common labor in Boston fell from $1,25 to an average of 92 cents, making a difference of more than 25 per cent., while commodities fell but about 5 per cent. Laborers therefore suffered greatly during those two years, as will be recollected by those familiar with the events of that period.

UNHEALTHY TRADES.

Those occupations which are unhealthy, which though not immediately hazardous, nevertheless abridge life, ought to command more than the ordinary rate of wages. If a man is liable to be made sick, and consequently exposed to loss of time and expense of medical attendance, he should be compensated for such liability. If he is likely to shorten life in a particular employment, that should be a matter of consideration in determining the rate of wages.

Regarded in an economical point of view, merely, it is certain that on this account some laborers should receive much higher compensation than they do at present: and to determine what that increased pay should be, we must ascertain the value or expectation of life in the different occupations. To do this as well as we are able in this country we have had resource to the official registration of births, marriages and deaths, made by authority of the State of Massachusetts, and published annually by its Secretary. We take the Eleventh Report, which gives the results of the last eighty years and eight months, ending December 31, 1851.

From this Report it appears that agriculturists live to the average age of 62.93 years; blacksmiths 51.44; shoemakers 43.12. We take these three examples, because they seem best to represent average employment. The first is the most healthy, the second of a medium character, and the third the most unhealthy of all the principal occupations. From this it will appear that the expectation of life is, in round numbers, for a

Farmer at the age of 21	42 years.
Blacksmith, do	30 "
Shoemaker, do	22 "

The agriculturist then, it appears, has the advantage over the blacksmith of 13 years, or 3¼ per cent.; and therefore, if the blacksmith or shoemaker, receive wages which shall, in the aggregate during life, amount to as much as those of the farmer, they must be correspondingly higher.

According to the foregoing, if we allow 300 days to the year, and take the wages of the agriculturist to be $1 a day, the different occupations should stand as follows:

Farmer,	43 by 300 equal 12,900, at $1 per day, is $12,900
Blacksmith,	30 by 300 equal 9,000, at $1,43¼ per day, is 12,000
Shoemaker,	22 by 300 equal 6,600, at $1,93¼ per day, is 12,000

Such then *should* be the relative value of the wages of these several occupations, regarded merely as a question of production. If the blacksmith or the shoemaker does not receive as high proportional wages as indicated above, he is, as compared with the farmer, working for less than a fair price, estimating life as valuable only for earning a given amount of money.

But all mechanics, it is clear, ought—other things being equal—to receive a higher rate of wages than the man who works on the farm, on the ground that they have been at the expense of learning trades, for which they should be compensated by larger pay; for a trade is capital invested, for which a profit may be rightfully claimed, in the shape of enhanced wages.

As an economical question, then, the expectation of life should be a matter of consideration with every one in choosing an occupation and in determining the rate of wages. That this is not now the case, is very evident, because the wages paid for labor in an unwholesome employment, do not correspond with the abridgment of human life consequent thereto; so that the laborer loses not only a good part of his life, but also a share of the wages he ought to receive while he does live. As for example, the shoemaker does not receive, take the country through more than $1,42 per day; while according to the foregoing table, he should receive $1,95¼ per day. If so, then he loses 63 cents per day in wages, and 21 years of his life into the bargain. The same relative difference might be shown in regard to all other occupations.

Agriculture is evidently the normal employment of man—that in which he enjoys the greatest health and lives the longest. Every other calling is unwholesome to the exact extent which it departs in its condition from the agricultural, and therefore the rate of wages should be adjusted to a scale constructed on this principle. As things now are, all mechanics and persons employed in close rooms are, as a general fact, very much underpaid. This whole class live only to the average of 46 years, 18 years less than the agriculturist. They should receive greater wages, and work less hours per day; they would thus prolong their lives, and get a fair compensation for their services.

For the New England Farmer.

ORNE'S EARLY APPLE—ENGLISH WHEAT PLUM.

MR. BROWN:—I send you two specimens of *Orne's Early Apple*—which in my opinion is a fine fruit. The original tree stands in the garden of Mr. A. C. ORNE, of this place. Its true origin is not exactly known; some say it was imported from France by the late Capt. HENRY QUINEN some years since—others that it is a native seedling; be this as itmay, it is, I think, worthy of cultivation. I sendyou also a bunch of the true *English Wheat Plum*, which are not yet quite ripe, consequently you will not be able to form an opinion in relation to their merits; it is a good plum, and well worth cultivating.

ANDREW LACKEY.

Marblehead, Aug. 29, 1854.

REMARKS.—We agree with you, Mr. LACKEY, that the fruit sent is highly worthy of cultivation. The apple is new to us—the plum is an old and well-known variety, and scarcely excelled, we think, by any that grows.

FALL PLANTING.—This sounds strange, probably, but it has been, it appears, successfully practiced in respect to potatoes.

A gentleman writes in the *Maine Farmer*:—I

left last fall some potatoes in the ground—in July they were more than as big again as my others. He strongly recommends to all farmers to plant some in the fall, and try the experiment.

I have seen some that others raised, he says, by planting in the fall, and they were excellent—better potatoes than he ever saw—very large, sound and handsome.

He recommends to plow a furrow, drop in the potato whole, cover it with strong manure, and then cover the whole carefully with rich earth.—By so doing you may have handsome, large and early potatoes. If this be so, it must be a great improvement in the raising of this valuable esculent root. Would it not be well for farmers to give it a thorough trial!—*Dover Gazette.*

THE MOQUIS.

Far away beyond the South Pass, on the head quarters of Gila River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and mountains for more than 40 years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basins. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far up the desert, with whom he could barter.

The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meat and water, they struck right out into the heart of that great desert, where no white man has before or since trodden, and which the hardy mountaineers will only venture to skirt. After five days' travel the party arrived at three mountains or buttes, rising in grandeur in that solitary waste. These mountains were covered with a diversity of forest and fruit trees, with streams of the purest water rippling down their declivities. At their base was a numerous agricultural people, surrounded with waving fields of corn and a profusion of vegetables. The people were dressed in leather; they knew nothing of fire-arms, using only the bow and arrow; and for mile after mile circling those buttes were adobe houses two and three stories high. Mr. Bridger was not allowed to enter any of their towns or houses, and after remaining three days, bartering scarlet cloth and iron for their furs, he left them, not, however, before being given to understand that they had no communication beyond their desert home. That these are the people that once inhabited the banks of the Gila and the Colorado, and left these monuments of wonder, the "Casse Grand," which so deeply attracted the followers of Fremont and Dontphan, and then vanished like a dream, there can no longer be a doubt.

Months after this conversation with Bridger, I had another with Mr. Papin, the agent of the American Fur Company. He told me that another of the party, Mr. Walker, the mountaineer, after whom one of the mountain passes is named, and who is known to be a man of truth, had given him the same description of these isolated people, and in my mind there is not a shadow of doubt of their existence.

According to Capt. Walker, through the very centre of the Great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it, is the river San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land, broken occasionally by sierras of no great length, which shoot up above the general elevation. About half way between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness, between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is the country of the Moquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a butte of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if some great power had sliced off the summit. Away up here the Moquis have built three large villages, where they rest at night perfectly secure from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the North and East of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached up a steep of steps, cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land which the Moquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons, and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards, filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Captain Walkersays, are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, but very few beasts of burden and cattle. They are a harmless, inoffensive race, kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked.

The warlike navajoes, who dwell in the mountains to the north-west of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them, every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is movable from their farms and fly for refuge to their mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches they appear on the top of the rocks and houses watching his movements. One of their villages, at which Capt. Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar, some of them adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in the arts, and manufacture excellent woollen clothing, blankets, leather, basket work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes in this country, the women work within doors, the men performing all the farm and outdoor labor. As a race they are lighter in color than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them Captain Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and light eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zuni villages, nearer the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Albinos, and probably gave rise to the rumors which have prevailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin.

The Moquis have probably assisted nature in levelling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have cut down the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms for manufacturing woollen cloth. Their only arms are bows and ar-

rows, although they never war with any other tribe. The Navajoes carry off their stock without opposition. But unlike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Capt. Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a dark robe with a red border, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins part their hair in the middle behind and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a large rosette. The effect is very striking. The married women wear their hair twisted into a club behind.

The Moquis farm in the plain by day and retire to their villages on the mountain at night. They irrigate their lands by means of the small streams running out of the sides of the mountain. Sometimes when it fails to snow on the mountains in winter their crops are bad. For this reason they always keep two or three years' provisions laid up for fear of famine. Altogether, they are a most extraordinary people, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent. They have never had any intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here for the adventurous traveller.

For the New England Farmer.

MARROW SQUASH.

This delicious vegetable is grown in great abundance, on the fertile fields of Marblehead.—While the crops in other places are cut off by the bug on the leaf, or the *maggot* at the root, there, it would seem, the plants find no obstacle in the way of going ahead.

Perhaps it may interest some to know how this is brought about. As I passed the field of Mr. HATHAWAY, situate on the right hand side of the road, as you go from Lynn to Marblehead, I saw more than two acres covered with squashes, as luxuriant as though no drought had prevailed. On inquiry of the proprietor, I learned that the sod was turned in the spring, and pulverized with a fair coating of compost thereon, and the seeds were planted in hills eight feet apart, leaving three plants in a hill. Now the ground is covered with an abundance of squashes, varying in size from three to ten pounds each, estimated to exceed ten tons to the acre, commanding in the market $35 a ton—amounting to $300 an acre. This was not the only field that I saw, others of like character are to be seen. On the ground of Mr. WASHBURN, Mr. MASON, Mr. HOWE, Mr. STONE and Mr. BROWER, and others in the neighborhood—though not so abundant. Whether those crops are brought about by a peculiarity in the soil—or in the manure applied, or in the vigilance with which they are tended—there they are to be seen by any one who will look at them.

Aug. 21, 1854. P.

For the New England Farmer.

CITY MECHANICS AND COUNTRY FARMERS—No. 3.

Some months since, two articles were published in the *Farmer*, with the above caption, and the writer intended to furnish two or three others on branches of the same subject. The third number, in which it was proposed to attempt a comparison of the wages, or incomes, of the two classes, was commenced, but having less than usual leisure, and meeting with unexpected difficulties and disappointments in obtaining the necessary facts, it has not been finished. Having recently spent a week in visiting family connections in Massachusetts and Vermont,—about one-half of whom are mechanics and the other half farmers,—I propose to give some account of the journey, and of the impressions which my intercourse with the families of both mechanical and agricultural friends have left upon my mind, as a mode of arriving at conclusions on the relative profits of mechanical and agricultural industry, much more easy if not as satisfactory, as that by the dull path of dead statistics and dry figures.

My present journey to Vermont was taken after a confinement to a single dingy room of a city shop for something over six years, interrupted by only one whole day's absence of working time. When I left Vermont, railroads were commenced there, but the cars had not passed its boundaries.—While, therefore, to others, the fact of riding from Boston to Windsor, by way of Bellows Falls, between a late breakfast and an early dinner, has been for years an old story. I enjoyed the contrast between this style of travelling and that by staging, in all its novelty, freshness and excitement.

Landed amid the dusty labyrinths of the "Windsor Depot," I could not help thinking, as I gazed around me, that poor "Vermont Central" might well say to herself, "Deliver me from my friends!" Here, where corn and potatoes loved to grow in old times, and where they ought to be cultivated still, stands a building large enough for the business of some Grand Trunk Railway termiuns.—Perhaps the stockholders have found out by this time what this huge pile was made for; if so, the fact ought to be recorded, lest future antiquarians be as much troubled to determine its object and purpose, as they are to decide what the Egyptian monuments were built for.

After making a few calls on old friends in the "Street,"—none more *satisfying*, by the way, than that at the "Windsor House,"—we started on foot for the pinnacle of old Ascutney, whose jagged sides and cap of blue we had been "calculating" as the cars wormed their way up the river from the Falls. The prospect from this mountain is delightful. Spurning all "connection with any other concern," it rises solitary and alone from the rich intervales of the Connecticut valley. Other mountains, by aid of combinations and "chains"—by "piling Alps on Alps," may rear their heads higher into the clouds; but these accompaniments usually interrupt and mar that wholeness of view which is enjoyed on the sugar-loaf, shaft-like Ascutney. No Windsor county boy, whose imagination first tried its powers in peopling Ascutney with Indians and bears, can feel that he has really visited the "haunts of his childhood" without standing upon the summit of this mountain.—Within a few years a still better path has been

opened than that which was made at the time of La Fayette's tour, in hopes that he would be able to ascend, which however he did not undertake. Ladies and feeble gentlemen may now nearly or quite reach the summit on horseback.

The beautiful summer day which we commenced in the vicinity of Boston, was fading into night as we reached Brownsville, some six or seven miles from Windsor, without counting about as many more miles that we had walked in ascending and descending the mountain—having accomplished this day what would have required, when we were a boy, at least one-half of our week's furlough. Starting the next morning at day-light, we soon reached the out-posts of our "friends and connections."

And here we must comply with the reader's desire to "be excused," while we do up our cousining. Had we the ability to take him with us over the hills and through the valleys of these Green Mountains,—to show him the prospects,—the homes, the fields, the "butteries" we are about to visit, surely he would ask no such thing. But as we have little skill in this line, we will let him pass over the few days we spent in Reading, Plymouth, Woodstock, Ludlow and Bridgewater, in which latter town, unless we are mistaken in our application of the initial letter, we passed the fine farm and residence of your correspondent "J.," who, although living but a short distance from the gold diggings which a New York company is making great preparations to open in this town, was pointed out to us contentedly "dressing" his garden.

We returned by way of Brattleboro', where we stopped over one train, and where in our rambles through the village, we saw a mowing machine, that somehow reminded us of your editorial associate who lives in this town, and raised a regret that we had not time, nor any right that we could think of, to give him a call; for we stopped here to visit mechanics, not farmers. From Brattleboro' we passed down the river, for the first time to Greenfield, and can say we believe the Connecticut valley to be richly entitled to all the eulogies it receives from travellers. We saw more broom-corn this afternoon than in all our life before, and at this season it checkers the fields beautifully. Taking the cars on the Vermont and Massachusetts road, we thought the irreverent problem of two hills without a valley was about to be solved. For some miles we passed one part of the distance on the roofs of bridges, and another through deep cuts in the ragged spurs of the mountains that seemed interlocked purposely to make it impossible to build a railroad there. No wonder that road don't pay! As a matter of curiosity, I would advise travellers who can do so, to take this road in the course of their tour.

Thus much as to the incidents of a journey that afforded us much gratification.

As to the question of the relative profits of mechanical and agricultural pursuits, so far as it can be indicated by the respective circumstances of some half-a-dozen families of each profession among my connections, I have no hesitation in saying that the farming portion are decidedly better off than the mechanical—especially is this the case with those of them who have large families. As journeymen, our farming friends envied us our larger wages; as heads of families, we may well envy their comparative independence. They speak of the superiority of the schools our children enjoy; we feel more and more sensibly as our boys, in particular, grow older, the superiority of the training of the farm over that of the street, for our children. But throwing aside all considerations of this kind,—overlooking the ominous fact that the successful business men of cities and villages are composed almost entirely of boys raised upon country farms, and confining ourselves entirely to dollars and cents, the advantage is clearly with farmers, so far as my friends are concerned; and, I may add also, so far as the acquaintances of my boyhood are concerned. Sell them off at auction to-day, and the farmers will realize the most *money*. But that is not all.—They are incomparably better circumstanced for sickness and old age than we. Their homes may be humble, but they are their own; while, with few exceptions, though our floors may be carpeted, the roof that shelters us is owned by another man.

I might easily, and with perfect truthfulness, draw still stronger contrasts in favor of the profit of agriculture from the actual circumstances of my friends at this time, but I have no disposition to particularize, where general inferences may seem almost to exceed the limits of propriety.

But if there be general truth in the adage, that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," I do not see why we may not apply it to the condition of the families of farmers and mechanics, in determining which profession is preferable in the long run! Perhaps the following incident, which occurred on the evening of my arrival in the city, may have first excited my curiosity to know more of the actual condition of the families of city mechanics. My little ones, fatigued by a day's journey, were somewhat worrisome, as we took seats in an omnibus, and they immediately attracted the notice and sympathy of an aged woman seated near us, and who soon became sufficiently familiar to inquire my business. I told her what it was. Raising up both hands, she exclaimed, "Poor man, I pity you, and your wife, too! Why, my poor husband was a —— too, and it killed him; he used to work all day, and take on all night in such misery, that it is not wicked to say, I was glad when he was dead. And these children, pretty little dears, to be turned into the streets of this wicked city———." Her remarks were cut short by our arrival at our lodgings. Such an earnest greeting by the widow of a city mechanic, as we were crossing the threshold of city life, was not to be forgotten by myself or family. Would a stranger-family that should enter any agricultural neighborhood in the country be met with such doleful admonitions?

Were county people as careful to ascertain the condition of aged city mechanics, or even that of those with large families, as they are to know how many dollars can possibly be earned in a single week; or did they inquire why it is that mechanics so often keep poor on their large wages, while farmers grow rich on their very small pay, many a young man who is now hanging about our intelligence offices, would have staid upon the farm contentedly.

I must allude to one complaint that I heard made by my agricultural friends, and which sounded very novel to me. They said it was

somewhat difficult now to let their money at 6 per cent. A state of things very different from that which existed when I was a boy. Then, people were mostly borrowers, though but little money was to be had at any price. Farmers who wished to increase their stock, or to procure a few bushels of grain for seed, often paid at a rate equal to 25 per cent. per annum. The name of Hon. Wm. Jarvis, of Weathersfield, some twenty or thirty miles distant, was better known in this section, at that time, as indicating about the only man who loaned money at 6 per cent., or who paid a silver dollar a day for first rate haymakers, than as the importer of merino sheep, by which he eventually enabled these same farmers to pay up their mortgages and become money-lenders in their turn. And this reminds me of another change that was mentioned. In one school district, in Reading, where thirty years ago there were children enough to fill an ordinary school-house, especially in the winter, there is now not one child living within its limits, and only the remains of a single family, in an extreme corner. The consequence mainly of turning small hill farms into extensive sheep-walks.

A City Mechanic.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1854.

Remarks—We earnestly commend this article to the consideration of our readers.

ENGLISH VEGETABLES AND MEATS.

We give below, from our own correspondent in Liverpool, a very interesting letter relating to the products of the English markets. Many readers will be surprised—as we have been—at the fact that potatoes, turnips and cabbages are the great staples among the vegetables, and that the variety and excellence of beans, squashes and green corn, are scarcely known in perfection among them.—The apples, pears and peaches, are also inferior to our own. Indeed, these latter fruits, in our own country, vary much in different localities. We never ate an apple, pear or peach, grown south of New York, so high-flavored, and perfectly delicious, as some grown in *cold, rocky* New England! With the exception of an occasional winter too cold—or of too sudden changes for the peach—both the soil and climate of New England seem adapted to these fruits.

The table alluded to in the letter, gives the prospects of the crops in every part of the kingdom, with the names and addresses of the persons who furnish the information, and is such as may well be imitated here.

Liverpool, August 17th, 1854.

My Dear Sir:—I send you an agricultural paper, containing a table of minute and well authenticated statistics as to the "prospects of the coming harvest" throughout Great Britain. It seems to me that the plan of this table is a very good one, and might perhaps be advantageously adopted in a journal like your own. At all events, it will convey more reliable information as to the probable harvest here, (and this is a subject very interesting to the United States,) than you could obtain from any other source.

* * * * * *

The supply of vegetables in an English market is much inferior to the display in our own market-houses at this season. Potatoes are of excellent quality (better than in New England) and average about twenty-five cents a peck; turnips are plenty; and cabbages, in all their more delicate or coarser varieties, are exceedingly abundant.—But these are the great staples in the vegetable line, of an English dinner-table, now that green peas (which are never equal to our own) are going out of season. The bean-tribe is very poorly represented by a few string-beans, which are almost tasteless when cooked; and though shell-beans, occasionally appear, they never have the richness to which an American taste is accustomed. Indian corn in its green state, is of course utterly unknown; and England will never be able to appreciate the luxury of a dish of succatash. All the squash-family are strangers to the English table; although I have been cognizant of an attempt to raise them under glass, and have seen one or two diminutive specimens of the results. One vegetable (or, rather, fungous) delicacy, which we comparatively lack, is the mushroon; and you may just now see bushels upon bushels of these poisonous looking toad-stools, heaped up among the scanty supplies of better esculents. Taking these facts into view, it is no wonder that the Englishman should be a grosser flesh-eater than the American; and it seems very certain that a vegetarian diet can never be a luxurious or a fattening one, in this climate.

As regards fruits, the inferiority is still more lamentable. An untravelled Englishman has no idea of the deliciousness of a peach, a pear, or even an apple; although I have been told of a certain apple called the Ribston pipin, which is said to have been equal to the best of our own, but is now almost extinct. So far as my own experience goes, the pigs of America would not thank you for better specimens of either of these fruits than I have ever seen in England, of native growth, except in a hot-house. It is only by extending the branches of the tree against a brick wall, heated by interior flues, that the horticulturists produce even the semblance of fruit in the open air. Hearing an Englishman praise the flavor of a native peach, I had the curiosity to ask him what was its peculiar characteristic; he answered, "its delicious coolness!" This commendation might have been more appropriately bestowed upon a watermelon! Their strawberries, it must be owned, are very large, but look much better than they taste. But after all, the real wonder is, not at the failures, but at the successes

of English horticulture; for a person accustomed to the tropical heat of our summer months, cannot help being surprised that anything whatever should thrive in the watery sunbeams of what the English call their Summer.

With respect to substantial viands, a much more favorable report may be made. The beef, perhaps, though famous to a proverb, is not very decidedly better than the best of our own; but the mutton is certainly something to rejoice in, and to be proud of. The poultry is inferior; the fowls and turkeys being insipid to the American taste, perhaps from the lack of Indian corn to feed them with. Owing to this insipidity, the English consider ducks a much better dish than chickens.—Rabbits very frequently appear on the table. Hares, at the proper season, are abundant in the market, as well as all other kinds of English and Scotch game. Their venison, however, is deficient in the true game flavor; and, in fact, the English deer can scarcely be regarded as a wild animal, as it has for centuries been almost domesticated in parks, and looks for its feed of oats in winter, as regularly as a horse. Much of the venison that comes to the market is probably stall-fed.

In fish, taking the year through, the English market has more and better varieties than our own. Cod and haddock are abundant, but seldom appear on the tables of the wealthier classes.—There is a good supply of salmon, for a longer season and at a cheaper rate than with us. The turbot and the sole are fish unknown in America, and well-deserve the estimation in which Englishmen hold them. In short, nature seems to have done her utmost to discourage the Graham system of diet in England, both by the deficiency and poor quality of vegetable esculents, and by the abundance and excellence of flesh and fish. In consequence of this state of things, among many other causes, John Bull is likely long to remain the ponderous, slow, thick-witted, but steady and reliable personage, in whom the American recognizes some points of resemblance to himself, but quite as many of marked difference.

Yours truly.

For the New England Farmer.

STATE ALMSHOUSE AT TEWKSBURY.

Mr. Editor:—It is gratifying to learn from an authority so reliable, as that of Dr. Brown of Wilmington, the flourishing condition of this establishment. That the superintendence may be good, and the accommodations convenient, I have no reason to doubt;—but that the *soil about* is productive, or can be made so by *deep plowing* or otherwise, is to me astonishing. From a time, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the Plains of Tewksbury have been spoken of, as barren in the extreme. By what magical application they have all at once become "retentive and productive," is worthy of being entered on record, in the next volume of Agricultural Transactions, for the County of Middlesex.

From what I had heard, I had supposed there was a great deficiency in an adequate supply of pure water at this Institution. But from the Dr.'s account, it would seem, an ample supply is expected from the wells that *are to be* dug—not from those they already have.

One would think it desirable to look out for water before washing day comes, with such *a dirty set* about, as those inmates are described to be.—But there is no accounting for diversities of tastes. As to the expediency of concentrating so much filth and misery together, instead of continuing it diffused in small parcels, in the several towns of the county, there is room for much to be said.

September 20, 1854.

APPPLICATION OF MANURE.

A judicious and well timed application of manure is a subject of great importance to the farmer. If he had a complete knowledge of the deficiency of the soil, and of the organized constituents of his manure, an economical application might be made with comparative ease. But it is not so, and he is compelled to study and experiment, until he becomes practically familiar with this part of his business, and better able to judge what quality is lacking, and what he has in store as a necessary supply.

A powerful fermenting process may be necessary to render a tenacious soil productive, one that shall drive the particles asunder, and "warm up the soil," as the saying is. The atmosphere plays a lively part in the production of all vegetables as well as animals. Hence the importance of cultivating the soil by plowing, hoeing, &c. Nitrogen in the form of ammonia or some other compound, escapes from fermenting substances. If the process is going on therefore in the soil, the nitrogen will unite or combine with some other substance supposed to be present, and thus form a nutriment for the plant. The escaping and expanding gases have much to do in such a case.—They disorganize the hard and adhesive lumps, and render them so pourous, that the air has very free access.

Now if this manure had been applied to the surface, we can readily see that most of its power would have been lost, and its virtue too. So also, if fermented manure had been placed in such a soil, its effect would have been much less than the unfermented, because the former is composed mostly of the ashes of plants and mineral substances, of which the soil may have already a competent supply, and no new power be given by the addition of these comparatively inactive elements.

A different compost is necessary when the *seed* and not the *stalk* is the object of cultivation. The phosphates or phosphoric acid must be present for the formation and perfection of seeds, such as wheat, corn, &c., while for grass designed to be cut for hay, it may not be essential.

In the vegetable world, "like produces like," and the decay of plants produces food for the reproduction of the same plants, and if they decay upon the soil without loss, the present crop will furnish materials for a larger subsequent crop.—

Where the grape is cultivated in many places, the only manure used year after year is leaves and trimmings of the vines, carefully placed around the roots, and slighty covered to promote their decay.

If we place our corn cobs in a proper state of decay, upon our corn ground, we may perhaps gain more in the end, than we should to have them ground into meal,—or certainly than we should to throw them at random into the compost heap, to be applied without reference to a future crop.—*American News.*

For the New England Farmer.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY R. MORRIS COPELAND.

The art of landscape gardening is not only reducible to principles, but these principles, are similar to those which exist in each of the fine arts, and if the practice and the rules can be made to agree, the whole cultivated world may consider landscape gardening a fine art.

My aim is not to condemn any practice or professors, upon unseen and unknown dicta and resolutions, but first to establish certain well defined principles, and to judge all by them.

But before pursuing this any further in the direct line, it seems not unworthy the subject to turn a little aside, and notice both some of the standard works upon Landscape Gardening, and what they teach.

My attention was drawn to this point by an article in the January number of *Hovey's Magazine*, for 1853, written by one who professes to be a practical inprover. Many of the ideas contained in it are noticeable, but first let us examine the following paragraph, and the conclusions to which it leads:

He is speaking of American books and works in this art, and says: "Notwithstanding what has been published on the subject, not a syllable has been written that had not been long ago advanced in English works; nor can we discover anything in the writings of American authors on Landscape Gardening, calculated to adapt the works of European writers to the wants of the numerous residences where this adaptation is much required."

A little back of this quotation, on the same page, the writer advances the idea that the style of improvement in the house should govern that of the grounds, and that this is the commonly admitted principle abroad. He then says, "to be guided here by such principles, shade of Evelyn, what a preposterous idea. America has not yet, we presume, produced the genius to strike out a style applicable to all, or, indeed, exclusively to any of the innumerable oddities that are scattered over the face of the country."

A careless reading of the page here referred to would certainly tend to give the reader a very wrong impression of the writer's meaning; he does not believe that any American has originated any style applicable to the numerous oddities, and yet he speaks of the English style being applicable to them exactly; of course he did not mean us to understand that English landscape Gardening was a collection of the numerous oddities, and yet it must be, since it is exactly suited to our own. However, these paragraphs are not quoted to note their inconsistencies, but rather for the sake of the principles involved in them. It is very true, indeed, that in the highest principles of the art nothing has been originated here. Sir Uvedale Price, Gilpin, Repton, Loudon, and a few others, have covered the whole ground, and have left almost nothing to be said or discovered in the direction they went, but their writings are exceedingly voluminous and tedious to read. Price, Gilpin and Knight have set forth the principles, have raised and purified the theory, and Price particularly has given the theory and essence of Landscape Gardening so thorough a sifting as to leave little for his successors to do but to reiterate. The others referred to were either the practisers of Price's theories (Ripton), or the compilers of the practice of their day, and of that and of all preceding times (Loudon). Downing has very ably digested out of this mass all that is worth having to the general reader: he invented nothing, got up no new ideas or practices, but was a very able and skilful compiler; and inasmuch as he separated the most of the wheat from the chaff, and presented it in its winnowed form to the reader, he deserves quite as much credit as the original writer.

But had Downing lived longer,—had he had time to practice and develop many of his theories (borrowed and digested), he would doubtless have produced original matter worthy of the subject. As it is, he must ever stand at the head of the ranks, and, as the pioneer of a good cause, deserves more praise even than he already has.

But in reality, it is very questionable if Downing or Mr. Allen, of Buffalo, the editor of Smith's Parks and Pleasure Grounds, or any other persons who have re-published English works, have not made a very vital mistake, not in the good or bad compiling of English authors, but in having had anything to do with them at all.

The gentleman who has been quoted speaks of the English works as well adapted to the present American wants.

This position is the one towards which we have been tending: *it is not true that English works are adapted to American wants, but just the contrary.* Any farther than that general reading improves the mind, and that a knowledge of the various methods of performing similar work in different parts of the world, improves the workman, they are almost valueless.

One of them (Price) ought to be a text-book, but that one is never read or quoted as a practical guide. Price's Picturesque gives the careful student a very thorough idea of the principles of beauty—of the principles to guide his action; teaches him the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque; shows him how to appeal to the refined mind in landscapes: and more than all, going as it does to the root of the matter—analyzing the mind to its elements, and the principles of beauty to theirs—shows how they may mutually fit and benefit each other. This is all we want; let him who would become an artist of any kind, learn, not the handling, mechanism, or coloring of his teacher, but rather the spirit that guides him. It is never the rule of man's action so much as the mind within.

To this bad habit of copying results rather than principles, is to be attributed the bad architecture of the present day. Architects in designing buildings, assume some style, and then copy its

peculiar characteristics from an approved model, and manufacture a palace, costing millions, into a pine house costing $3,500; or transfer a chapel or pinnacle of an abbey to the end of a New England meeting-house architecture, white pine church.

What they should do is, to understand the mind and spirit of the old designer, that they can see, with him, why he did each thing, and in their turn what they propose, not because he did it, but because the principle of guidance and action is the same to both.

But to return to ourselves. We ought to follow the same path. English Landscape Gardeners wished to make a home, and they endeavored to understand the home spirit of the age, and adapt their improvements to it, and their works are really a monument of it. In England it was natural, free and unartificial—therefore in their improvements they got as near the spirit as they might. In France it was the contrary. There was no home spirit; all was stiff, formal and artificial, and the improvements on the earth's surface were the same.

In England and France, all things are done, regardless of cost, so that the end, or desired effect is gained. A gentleman in England, thinks nothing of projecting improvements to cost 5, 10, 20, or $50,000; no man here can conceive of giving over $5,000. The evil of English reprints is very great; the scale is entirely different, the spirit is different, and above all, the ability to spend money is diametrically opposite, and when our would-be improvers read the English books, they fill their heads with fair pictures that they would fain make plain to all; they want all they read about, only that they are unwilling to spend the tithe of the money necessary to acquire it. No, we do not want English books, or men who make it one of their recommendations that they know how things are done abroad.

Such men, even if they do know one-half of what they pretend, are too dangerous to be entrusted with the reins, coming from a country where *thorough* is the word, to one where *cheap* is. They sink more money in cutting, filling and grading surfaces, that should have been left untouched, than the whole improvements ought to cost, and will spend more to drain one acre than we need, from difference of climate, to drain three. As I have said before, what we want in our country seats is a home; we want the home spirit plainly carried out. What do we care about the Duke of A., or Lord B.? They never lived in our houses, or spent our incomes; and we want improvements suited to *our* circumstances, not *theirs*.

Read Sir Uvedale Price, and as many more books as you wish; get fully imbued with a full appreciation of the beautiful, and then purchase land of good capacities. Having this start, make your improvements such as the true theory teaches they should be, whether the lines of country near you are geometric or regular, or whether they would suit the ideas of any Englishman the world has produced.

Let us learn to think that America is a pretty good place.

Lexington, September, 1854.

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

"Bless God for rain," the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father, thou who dwelst in Heaven,
We thank thee for the pearly shower;
The blessed present thou hast given,
To man and beast, and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from his heart,
For rain to come; and lo! it came.
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green,
The brooklet swells its songs again;
Methinks an Angel wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry,
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds on fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolved in song.

For the New England Farmer.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF FARMING.

Mr. N. E. Farmer:—J. D.'s letter of inquiry to Mr. French may receive a further practical answer from the experience of a farmer, who has about average success, or a little less. I bought my farm of 100 acres in Sterling, Mass., about ten years ago, for a little more than $2000—it is now worth $2500. The stock and tools may be worth $500, making the present investment about $3000. I keep one man in the summer, and a little boy in haying. I can do but little work on the farm myself, say 30 or 40 half days in a summer. I pay in wages, exclusive of board, about $150 a season. I generally keep 7 or 8 cows, mostly pretty good; but one or two heifers are farrow, so that the lot is no more than an average one. One yoke of oxen and a cheap horse serve for a team. I cut about 16 tons of hay (or 29 in a good season) from 25 acres of mowing, and this with my corn stover, straw, &c., keeps my stock.

From the above description, you can conceive that my profits cannot be immense—yet on summing them up, I see no reason to complain; and my inference is that farming must be good business when well conducted, since I am able to live by it with rather poor management.

Recollect the investment is about $3000—the interest of which is $180.

From my 7 cows I sell 700 lb. at 23 cts (in firkins)	$161
I can raise 200 bushels of corn, and from that, and the dairy, &c., can sell pigs and pork	150
I sell about $40 worth of Apples	40
Potatoes,	50
Beef,	30
Poultry and eggs	75
Total	505
Wages, Taxes and Insurance,	170
Profit,	$335

Besides this should be reckoned the support of my family from the farm, for we buy little except

clothing and groceries, and we live more comfortably than we could in a village for $500, or in a city for $1000. I put the wear of tools and buildings and my own labor, against the improvement of the farm, by trees and otherwise, which is not less than $50 annually. So that I cannot make the profit of the farm (all expenses paid) less than $336 annually, besides our living, which is doing pretty well for $3000 investment, and poorly managed at that.

I have no doubt that a skilful man with a little extra capital, might make the farm pay at least double the above profit; but it will help a man to judge of what a good farmer can do, to know what is done by a poor or middling one.

In some points Mr. French's estimate differs from mine. For instance, we contrive to raise a couple of heifer calves a year on skim-milk, and though hay here is worth $16 a ton, I find it the cheapest way of keeping up my stock of cows.—Also, notwithstanding the present high prices, I cannot afford to "sell off most of my hay and stock," for my butter, at present prices, makes it profitable to keep them. My farm is more than 50 miles from Boston by the railroad, and yet is near enough.

I would hint to J. D. if he chooses to experiment with guano, phosphate of lime, &c., the expediency of doing it in a small way at first. I have experimented with those articles and lost by it. Cattle and swine are the most reliable resources for manure.

Your correspondent D., of Groton, says that "butter packed in tubs as is usually done, does not keep well." We do not know how butter is usually packed in tubs in Groton, but if D. will come to Sterling, he will find folks who will make and pack butter in tubs, so that it shall not lose its sweetness or flavor for a twelvemonth. The secret is, work out *all* the butter-milk by successive workings, using no water—salt it with pure rock salt, an ounce to the lb., put it down solid, and then a decent dairy cellar will keep it good, if good in the beginning. If kept among vegetables, meat, cooked food, &c., it will spoil, of course. Yours, D. M.

Remarks.—The above is a capital letter, and will do good among the cavillers and doubters. It will do good, too, to those who do not doubt—because it will confirm their own opinions. This is just what we want—brief and comprehensive statements of actual farm operations. Write us again, D. M., and give us the name in full, if you please.

A Cheap Barometer.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* urges that henceforth farmers, instead of watching the locusts and crickets for signs of weather, devote their meteorological observations exclusively to their wife's camphor bottles. He says:

"For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, which stands in our bed-room, and when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me from $25 to $50. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up, and sometimes when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather."

For the New England Farmer.

TANNING.

It may be thought that in writing upon the subject at the head of this communication, I am going out of the line which includes matters appropriate to your paper. Perhaps it is so. In fact, I have doubts myself about it. But there are two considerations upon which it might seem not unsuited to a paper designed for a farmer's reading. The substances used in tanning are vegetable, the products of the rural districts, if not of the farmer's care, and it may not be without value or interest to him to know their properties;—but, secondly, I think that those districts where cattle are most raised, and, of course, there is the greatest production of the raw hide for tanning, being usually, or often, remote from the tanneries, this business might, in some neighborhoods, be made a branch of the rural economy. But at any rate, its relation to the business of the farm, both in the article to be manufactured, and the material used in the process, seems to me sufficient to warrant its presence in a farming paper.

The oak, elm, sumac and hemlock are natives of this country, are abundant, and it may be worth consideration, if, in some localties, the materials for this purpose may not be profitably cultivated. The Lavandula vera, common lavender, contains tannin as well as the aromatic oil or sap which is so well known as a perfume. This plant is a native of a more sunny clime. Yet while it is a fact that in genearl, the secretions of plants are more active in the warmer latitudes, (as for instance the rose yields less of the fragrant oil called Otto of Roses in Northern than in more Southern climates) it is also known that the Lavender is more fragrant in the North than in the South. Whether the tanning property of this plant is increased, as well as its fragrance, by cultivation in a higher latitude, I am not informed. It is the aroma that is generally diminished by Northern removal, while other properties are increased:—and it would be most accordant with observation, to find the tanning property of this plant increase in our climate.

The astringent principle or element, by which the hide is manufactured into leather, is generally obtained, in this country, from oak. Most kinds of oaks possess it in a greater or less degree. The hemlock and sumac are also extensively used in this country. Sheep-skins especially, tanned by sumac, command a higher price in market than those tanned by other matters. In England the willow is used. The elm also contains a sufficiency of this element to make it available for the purpose of tanning. There are some trees of the warmer latitudes, which contain more of this principle than the best of our oaks. The mangrove, a West India tree, makes very superior leather, and performs the tanning better in six weeks, it is said, than oak bark in ten. The Acacia Catechu, which yields the Terra Japonica, has a larger proportion of this element than oak. Some other species of Acacia are also good for this purpose. Whether any of those native

this country are valuable for this purpose, I cannot say. The change produced on the hide by the process of tanning, by which it is made tough and durable, is made by the conversion of the gelatin or glue, by steeping the hide in a solution of the bark. The gelatin is, by this process, made capable of resisting decay, and imparts toughness, strength and durability to the hide.

I have hinted that this business might be made a branch of rural economy. With your leave, I will say a few words on this subject, desiring it to be kept in mind that my remarks are intended, in particular for remote places, which are rather pastoral, and not for the more densely populated farming districts. In those interior rural districts, where the raising of cattle is extensively prosecuted, and the animals are slaughtered at home;—under these circumstances, the raw material and the means of converting it into leather are both on the farm. Here the tanning material would be of no value, while at the tanneries a high price is paid for it. No machinery is required, and all the articles being at hand, it would seem to me, that in each township or neighborhood, it would be easy and little expensive to have a few pits where each one might take his hides to be tanned, as he sends his pork to a neighbor's smoke-house. The transportation of the hides and of the bark to a distance to be tanned, adds a considerable item to the cost of the leather, while the farmer has both at his hand. It would be a great improvement of the condition of the farmer, if he could convert his articles of product into the state necessary for their economical use. Where expensive machinery is not required, it would seem this might be done. A portable mill has lately been invented, designed to make the farmer his own miller. If he could also convert his hides into the state for use, he would still further increase in independence.

It is always desirable for a farmer to manufacture as much as, and whatever can be done; and this includes such articles generally as are manufactured without machinery. Formerly in all farmers' families, most of the wear was made by the women of the household. This has been discontinued, because by the introduction of machinery the price of clothing has become less. There is no such reason against tanning. But the cause why this is not pursued as a branch of rural economy is, that it would come upon the man, not upon the female part of the household; and the man is so apt to think that the tilling and the care of the stock is enough for him. But I am inclined to think that if one farmer in each neighborhood, situated as I have mentioned, would tan the hides for himself and neighbors, it might be another step of the farmer towards independence.

Essex, 1854. J. W. A. B.

Agriculture in Nova-Scotia.—Through the attention of Messrs. Besonett & Brown, of Halifax, we are favored with a pamphlet of 148 pages, being "Practical Hints to the Farmers of Nova-Scotia on the Management and Improvement of Live Stock, and on General Husbandry: By J. W. Dawson, author of Scientific Contributions towards the Improvement of Agriculture in Nova-Scotia." The work is mostly a compilation of valuable papers from the writings of Youatt, Johnston, Peters, Stephens, &c., and will be more valuable, perhaps, to the farmers of the Province, than any collection of their own operations would be.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

At this season we are particularly remembered by our friends, and receive from them specimens of the fine fruits which have been produced by their industry and skill. In order to look abroad among the farmers, and in attending the gatherings of the farmers at their annual festivals, we are necessarily away from home considerably, and cannot give their favors quite so much attention as we could desire.

The pears from Ashfield, sent in by Wm. Bassett, Esq., were received in good order. It is a pretty one and of fair quality, but we have better varieties of the same season, such as the Rostiezer, Tyson, Brandywine, and others. Still, if worthy in other characteristics than those of the fruit alone, it may be advisable to cultivate it. The great objection to fruits of this season, is that the Bartlett takes the market before all others, on account of its size and usual good qualities.

One of the apples sent in by J. R., Feltonville, will be noticed hereafter. The other, the Red Sweeting, is not among the best sweet apples in point of texture and flavor; but as it has great beauty, it would always sell well in any market, and therefore is worthy of cultivation.

The corn sent by G. S. R., Feltonville, being a mixture of the Tuscarora with the 14 rowed sweet corn, is not, we think, as tender, juicy, and free from hulls, as some of the kinds now common among us. The best corn for boiling, in our opinion, is the black corn; when unripe it is whitish, but turns as it ripens and becomes black.

It is not quite so early as some of the sweet white corn, but is so tender and juicy as almost to melt upon the tongue. It shrivels like sweet corn, when drying.

Farmers in the United States.—The census returns for 1850, give the following number of farmers in the States and Territories:—

Maine	7,706	New Hampshire	47,408
Vermont	48,312	Massachusetts	55,082
Rhode Island	8,398	Connecticut	31,756
New York	311,591	New Jersey	32,392
Pennsylvania	206,347	Delaware	7,843
Maryland	27,040	Dist. of Columbia	346
Virginia	106,807	North Carolina	81,898
South Carolina	32,863	Georgia	81,364
Florida	5,750	Alabama	66,610
Mississippi	44,833	Louisiana	11,097
Texas	25,054	Arkansas	28,838
Tennessee	118,941	Kentucky	114,715
Ohio	269,690	Michigan	65,709
Indiana	163,130	Illinois	140,894
Missouri	65,161	Iowa	32,716
Wisconsin	40,865	California	1,486
Minnesota	340	New Mexico	7,889
Oregon	1,702	Utah	1,570

Total in 36 States and Territories.....2,363,958

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

QUERIES ABOUT HOPS.

Mr. Brown:—For some months past, I have been thinking of engaging in the cultivation of hops on a small scale, but I hardly know how to begin. Will you, or some of your correspondents, please inform me through the *Farmer*, the whole process of the propagation and cultivation of hops, also with regard to soil and manure to be used. Especially inform me whether they are raised from the root or the seed, and if from the root, the best time for transplanting. Thus doing, you will much oblige, A Subsciber.

Kennebunk, Me., 1854.

Remarks.—Dr. Brown, of Wilmington, or some gentleman in that land of hops, we have no doubt will reply to these queries.

BRITTLE WHEAT STEMS—THE LOCUST TREE.

Mr. Brown:—I wish to inquire through the columns of your valuable paper, what is the cause of wheat straw being brittle? We have a nice piece of wheat which is very heavy headed and of a good growth of straw, but it is very brittle. It will not bear a half day's sun without being so brittle that it cannot be bound, unless the dew is on. The land is a mellow loam, with roundish stone in it. It was broken up 4 years ago, sowed to oats in the spring, and bore a good crop; the next year corn, with a fair crop, it being manured in the hill, also some spread on and plowed in. The next crop was corn, with the addition of more manure, and brought a heavy crop, and this year wheat. The land is a gentle slope to the south, with wood-land on the west, a part of the way.

What kind of tree is the locust, and to what uses is its wood applied? I never saw any of them, and you will greatly oblige me, by giving me information about it. If it is of any use as a forest tree, I should be glad to know it, as wood is getting scarce here. L. Howard.

Ludlow, Vt., Aug. 18, 1854.

Remarks.—The locust tree is deciduous, a native here, and valued highly for its timber—particularly for posts and for ship-building. They are readily propagated by seeds, or by cuttings of the roots, and will grow in almost any soil that is not too wet. They grow rapidly, and are highly ornamental as well as useful tree.

In this country there are three popular varieties, distinguished by the color of the heart-wood; viz., the red locust, when the heart-wood is red, and which is esteemed by far the most beautiful and durable timber; the green locust, which is the most common, which has a greenish yellow heart, and is held next in esteem to the red; and the white locust, which has a white heart, and is considered the least valuable of all. In the western States there is another variety called the black locust. These trees sometimes attain the height of 70 or 80 feet.

William Cobbett, that eccentric genius, when he engaged in farming and gardening on Long Island, N. Y., about the year 1817, said he believed nothing in the timber way could be so great a benefit as the general cultivation of this tree. He carried seeds back to England with him, sowed them, and says he sold more than a million of the trees. The seed is ripe in October, and if not sown immediately, should be kept in the pods till the following spring. It is well to steep the seeds in cold water before sowing them.

The other questions we are not able to answer.

SHELL-MARL.

Mr. Brown:—You will confer a favor upon many of your readers by answering the following questions, through the columns of the *New England Farmer*.

What is the value of shell-marl compared with other fertilizers?

To what kind of soil is it best adapted?

Is it good on any or every kind of soil?

What kind of crop is it best suited for?

How much to the acre for a good crop?

T. B. L.

Rockingham, Vt., Aug. 28, 1854.

Remarks.—If you have found a deposit of good marl, strongly impregnated with calcareous substances, you will be able to bring your lands into a high state of fertility. We have seen lands exhausted with tobacco and wheat crops, in Maryland, brought into the most luxuriant clover at once by the use of marl. The land itself being a clay loam. Not having had any particular personal knowledge of the effects of marl in our own agricultural operations, we prefer to give you the opinion of another on the subject, and introduce some extracts from the address of Lord Somerville, President of the Board of Agriculture, in England, some fifty or sixty years ago. He says;

Marl is a substance, containing calcareous earth, found in the bowels of the earth, in different situations and at various depths.

Clay Marl.—Clay marl is so called from its resemblance to clay, of which it contains a considerable quantity in its composition. It is of many different colors; but all of these agree in one particular point.

Stone Marl.—Stone-marl is so called on account of hardness; and differs from the former in being less easily soluble in water.

Slate Marl.—Slate-marl is found in thin laminæ, or layers, like slates, and is of a consistence harder than clay, and softer than stone-marl. This substance is also of difficult solution in water.

Shell Marl.—Shell-marl is distinguished from every other substance of that nature, both by the shells it contains, and the cohesion of its parts, as well as its specific gravity, being less than either of them. It is most frequently met with in situations where the ground has formerly been covered either by lakes or pools of stagnant water. When the shells are in a fresh state, and covered with the enamel on the outside, shell-marl is of very little value; but when they are in a decayed state, it is by far the richest and most efficacious of any that we are acquainted with.

The benefit of all marl in agriculture, is, in a

great measure, owing to the quantity of calcareous earth they contain; and according as they possess more or less of it, they are more or less valuable. The principal distinguishing mark of good marl is its effervescing readily with the acids. This circumstance, while it proves the existence of the calcareous earth, may be made use of to determine the quantity of it; which is a matter of consequence for farmers to ascertain.

In all cases, therefore, where lime and marl can be obtained with equal ease, a preference should be given to lime for deep soils and coarse meadows; and to marl for high, thin, gravelly lands, especially if much wild sorrel grow upon them. There is scarcely a shape, in which marl can be used with such propriety as upon these high lands when they are in grass. The experience of farmers, in those parts where marl is much used, abundantly confirms the truth of this doctrine, and perhaps, by the use of marl in this way, with the assistance of top-dressings of compost afterwards, all poor, thin gravels, and even sand, may be rendered more valuable than by any other mode of management.

But though we have thus decidedly given the preference to the use of marl upon light soils, we by no means wish it to be understood, that it might not be applied upon any other; on the contrary, we think that upon strong clays, if a sufficient quantity is put on, it will be highly beneficial. Every description of marl, however, will not answer for this purpose! Clay and slate-marl, upon stiff lands, will increase their cohesion, and in place of serving, will injure them; but if shell or stone-marl is used, the soil will be rendered open, and by its cohesion being broken, the water will find a readier passage through it; of course the land will be rendered deeper; the advantage of which every farmer knows.

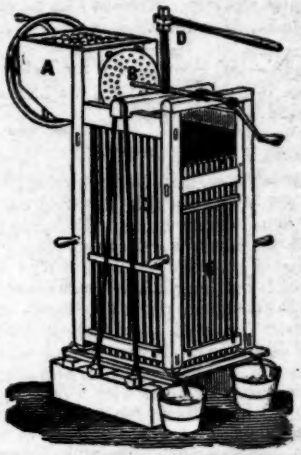
GIVING CREDIT.

In speaking of turnips, in his article on "Fodder Crops, No. 3," the Editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* illustrates his point by the use of a paragraph which he credits to the *Monitor*, published at Bockville, Canada West. By referring to the Monthly *Farmer*, for June, p. 284, he will find an editorial article with the title—"Importance of Roots," and in that article the paragraph in question; it was a brief statement of an experiment with our cows in the winter of 1852-3.

We find no fault with the *Journal*, for its editor is scrupulously careful to make the handsome acknowledgment for what he uses; but to show the blundering work occasioned by a neglect to give the proper credits in the first place.

THE YEW TREE.—Mrs. Stowe, in her new work, entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," gives the folowing description of the yew tree, of which we have read so much in English Literature:

"Here in England, I think, they have vegetable creations made on purpose to go with old, dusky buildings; and this yew tree is one of them. It has altogether a most goblin-like, bewitched air, with its dusky black leaves and ragged branches, throwing themselves straight out with odd twists and angular lines, and might put one in mind of an old raven with some of his feathers pulled out, or a black cat with her hair stroked the wrong way, or any other strange, uncanny thing. Besides this they live almost forever; *for when they have grown so old that any respectable tree ought to be thinking of dying, they only take another twist and so live on another hundred years.* I saw some in England seven hundred years old, and they had grown queerer every century."



CHAPIN'S PORTABLE CIDER MILL.

The old cider mills of the country which were once considered as indispensable adjuncts to the farm-house, have become sadly dilapidated and out of joint. Cider-orchards as they were called, have also become unfashionable since cider-drinking has given way to tea and coffee, and a better sort of apples will bring from $10 to $20 per barrel in European markets;—so that now, one sometimes finds it difficult to get a jug of liquid for mince pies or to replenish the nearly exhausted vinegar cask.

Therefore, to enable those who have a few apples to grind and press, to do the work with facility, we give above a cut which represents a *Portable Cider Mill.*

The manufacturers say it is operated by two men, and is capable of making five barrels of cider per day, one barrel at a pressing. It is readily moved from place to place by two men, and is very convenient in neighborhoods.

The utility of this mill has been certified to by many reliable men.

It is made of a size to be operated by a horse; placed on four wheels and drawn by one horse from place to place, and is capable of making from 12 to 15 barrels of cider per day, with the work of only two men.

Either size is taken into the orchard, and saves the transportation of apples to distant mills.

For the New England Farmer.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Messrs. Editors:—In your paper of the 26th of Aug., a writer styling himself "Farmer," asks, if lightning rods are not humbugs!

There are various kinds of lightning rods, and different modes of erecting them, and "Farmer" asks which is the best? Why, truly, mine is the best; so each one says. One relies upon its top, another, on its fixtures, another, on something else, for sure protection. But the cause of failure lies not usually in its top, nor in its fixtures, but at the foot of the rod. Here is the place of its failure. It does not enter the ground in the best place, or it has not been well-imbedded in the earth. It has been my practice for many years to examine, thoroughly, those rods which the lightning has left, to ascertain what, and where, the defect or difficulty was, and I have invariably found it to be *at the foot of the rod.*

Had Franklin's directions been followed, there doubtless would have been no failure. He directed to have the foot of the rod enter the ground in the wettest place about the building. The well was a good place, he said, if convenient, or sink-hole, or put it down so deep as to have it always moist; and at the same time, he would have old iron, or charcoal, which is better, placed about the foot of the rod, so as to form a larger fountain of electricity at the foot of the rod than there was in any other place about the building, for he said lightning would not leave a large fountain of electricity for a small one. Here is sound philosophy and good common sense. And when his directions have been followed, I have not found a failure.

Some place much reliance on glass insulators, of which there are a number of different patents. But I have found none but what have failed to protect. And why should they not sometimes fail? Electricity will run on glass when wet as well as on anything else. When it lightens, it usually rains, or at least, the atmosphere is so humid that the glass is moist, affording no obstacle to the lightning passing over it. In theory, they seem very scientific, but in practice, they are real scientific humbugs. I might point to lightning rods with glass insulators, which have fluid to protect. But as an illustration familiar to all, look at the telegraph. Its wires run through glass insulators, and yet every year, more or less frequently, the lightning comes down upon the wires, runs over the glass, demolishing the post on which the glass sits. I have examined hundreds and perhaps thousands of places where the lightning has actually struck, and have always found it coming down in connection with the natural fountains of electricity in the earth. These fountains are the oars and veins of water in the earth. Find the natural fountains of electricity about the building, and place the foot of the rod over the largest one, and then you form a railroad for the lightning to run safely by the building to the place which it is seeking.

Yours truly,

Mendon, Sept. 6, 1854. A. H. Reed.

The Germans.—These Germans seem an odd race, a mixture of clay and spirit—what with their beer drinking and smoking, and their slow, stolid ways, you would think them perfectly earthly; but an ethereal fire is all the while working in them, and bursting out in most unexpected little jets of poetry and sentiment, like blossoms on a cactus.

Nowhere in Europe is railway travelling so entirely convenient as in Germany, particularly in Prussia. All is systematic and orderly; no hurrying or shoving, or disagreeable fuss at stations. The second class cars are, in most points, as good as the first class in England; the conductors are dignified and gentlemanly; you roll on at a most agreeable pace from one handsome station-house to another, finding yourself disposed to be pleased with everything. There is but one drawback to all this, and that is the smoking.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

NICHOLS' PATENT CORN AND COB CRUSHER AND PULVERIZER.

This is a most valuable machine for cracking corn and cobs previous to passing through mill-stones; for crushing and pulverizing corn, and cobs, and all other kinds of grain suitably for provender; and for cracking corn alone, making it suitable for hominy, and the use of stables. It is adapted to horse, steam, or water power; will crush a great amount of grain, and remain in active use a long time without needing repairs; is easily and quickly regulated to crush or pulverize grain to any degree of fineness, from coarse to that which is very fine; will crush oats and all other grain of like dimensions,—the necessity of which is yearly becoming more apparent, as kernels of grain must be denuded of their coating, or pellicle, previous to entering the stomach of any animal whatever in order to be digested and do the animal the greatest good; for even Nature's powerful solvent, the gastric juice of the animal's stomach, is not equal to the decomposition of the pellicle covering the kernel of oats.

For the New England Farmer.

CHAPTER ON HUSBANDRY—No. 3.

Messrs. Editors:—With your permission I resume my chapter No. 3; should any objectionable matter appear draw your pen across it. I continue with article

21. Keep clean work around your field-walls; brambles, briars and bushes denote a slovenly farmer, and are neither useful or ornamental—bad for hay cutters.

22. Plow from the walls and carry the soil into the barn-yard or cellar; this drift of vegetable deposite makes excellent manure, but suffered to lie, it proves a rich nursery for bushes.

23. Surround your mowing fields with apple-trees; this plan helps out the orcharding, and avoids shading the land and crops; if your neighbor adjoins, (friendly or unfriendly) place your trees 8 to 10 feet from the wall; this gives the treble advantage of plowing between them and the wall, and of saving on your own land all the fruit that falls, and above all the wrath of the spiteful man, who seeks revenge by chopping off the limbs perpendicularly with the line wall, should they happen to overlie his field. Such depraved instances have occurred, even among men, "professing and calling themselves Christians."

24. Apple-trees thrive best near a stone wall.

25. Never plow land when it is wet; it cakes and hardens and does not easily mellow again; wait if it is a wet spring, (even like the past) and you are the gainer; soil cannot be made too mellow for the tender reaching roots of the vegetable, to whatever class it may belong. It would pay well to plow twice for Spring crops; yet I know how anxious the farmer is to finish plowing, but "Haste often makes waste."

26. Never cultivate a two-acre corn-field for a product of 60 to 75 bushels. The same quantity of manure will give the same result on one acre, and nearly one-half the labor is saved; no other doctrine will stand law—predicated on the reliable principle that the great merit is in the *manure*, as we all admit; in times of drought it stands better; at harvest time—*it is a cornfield.*

27. Never manure corn in the hill for the reason that its roots immediately run away from it and lose its nourishment; spread, and the roots will journey through and get the benefit; they are many and long, and seek sustenance on their way. In the hill it forces and looks more vigorous at first—but spread even the *little* which you design for the hill and test fairly the experiment; always plow in manure as soon as spread, to save the gases in the soil.

28. Top dressing is much in practice, even by good farmers; in my humble judgment it is of doubtful utility, and I will give my reasons. In the first place, the ground is required to be *wet* when it is spread, or *rain* is necessary to soak it into the surface; we will suppose all this to be accomplished and the season's crop is increased, perhaps, nearly sufficient to pay the expense of the dressing, yet *one season* exhausts all its value; suppose it to have been spread, and it turns out a dry season; then dry sand is of about as much value as top-dressing. When grass-land needs to be top-dressed, and it is done, *it needs the plow most to follow and bury it*; then, and in after-time you get its fertilizing effects. This is the month to turn over old mowing land and sow down to grass, and if well manured, a good crop is obtained the next year and no loss of a season in the grass crop.

29. Beverage, or farm drinks, are not out of place here, although changed somewhat from former times. When a boy, I was allowed two swallows from the old jug, against four swallows with the men. But these were emphatically, the days of "rum and molasses." Every farm was then a well organized nursery for drunkenness; *rum, molasses* and *wormwood*, was the established *worm vermifuge* for all the children. Now, men believe that rum riots in the blood—enrages the brain—deadens the appetite for food—enervates and prostrates the system—embroils the peace of good neighborhoods—brings wreck, ruin and the sheriff to a once happy home—and while the outer man works in the field and cringes under a blistering sun—he inwardly scalds with an unnatural fire, turned into his body at every round or two of the mowing-field, and becomes a well-prepared subject for sunstroke, a broken neck, or a crushed body from his loaded team. Molasses, ginger and water, cold water, simple beer, are good and safe substitutes for rum and leave no insanity upon the brain—and while one hundred die from liquor, but one man dies from drinking too much cold water.* It is to be hoped this paragraph is not an innovation upon your agricultural columns—not offered in a spirit of rebuke—but to show what *was*, and ask what *is*.

Yours truly, H. P.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1854.

* The papers publish all cold water deaths—quite rare; how would stand the other side?

SOWING YELLOW LOCUST SEED.

As timber for posts is becoming scarce, it may be well to sow a few quarts of *locust* seed, to raise plants for the formation of a grove. It will not be time for some weeks to sow the seed, and we anticipate it, to enable our readers to make the necessary preparations. The ground to be selected should be a deep, well-exposed loam; it should be manured ploughed deep, harrowed, and the seed sown thinly, in drills two inches deep, four feet apart. Before being sown, the seed should be soaked in hot water for twenty-four hours; all the seeds which float to be cast aside. The plants, when they come up, must be kept clean. At one and two years old the young trees will be fit to be transplanted. They should then be set out in a deep, warm soil, which has been well manured, ploughed, and harrowed, in rows twelve feet apart, ten feet asunder in the row, which will give to each acre 363 trees. In twelve years they will be large enough for posts—and we all know they make durable ones. A grove once set will, after being cut down, renew itself, and furnish a new supply of post-timber every twelve or fifteen years.

We have stated that these trees might be cut over every twelve or fifteen years for purposes of fencing, and we will add, that such of those as remained from twenty to twenty five years, if fair, vigorously grown, healthy trees, would be worth *three* dollars apiece for ship building—would at all times command ready sale to shipwrights, as also with railroad companies, for use on the tracks. What an acre of land would bring

for such purposes, if sold, can easily be calculated. As a matter of convenience and profit, it is with the owners of land to determine whether their interest would be subserved by setting out a grove of a few acres in extent; the number, of course, to be determined by the size of their respective farms.—*Am. Farmer.*

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

Give a young man a taste for reading, and in that single disposition you have furnished him with a great safeguard. He has found at home that which others have to seek abroad, namely, pleasurable excitement. He has learned to think, even when his book is no longer in his hand; and it is for want of thinking that youth go to ruin.

Redeem time for reading.—Perhaps you think this impossible; but the busiest life has some pauses.

When I see the large amount of time spent by some over the lowest sort of newspapers, I am convinced that the most industrious young man might obtain a few minutes for study; and it is astonishing how much can be learned in a few minutes a day. What cannot be done to-day, may be accomplished to-morrow. It is as true of time as of money—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Or as Young more poetically expresses it,—"Sands make the mountain, moments the year."

Do a little every day.—Constant dropping wears away rock. When Apelles, the famous Greek painter, was asked how he had been able to accomplish so much for art, he replied: "By the observance of one rule—*No day without a line.*"

Be not discouraged by difficulties.—These are chiefly at the start. The French proverb says truly: "It is only the first step that costs."—The tree of knowledge has a rough trunk, but delicious fruit. You must crack the shell, to come at the kernel. Be assured that a little resolution here will insure success.

Begin at the beginning.—Do not smile: the rule is important, and broken every day, in every employment. In unravelling a tangled thread, who does not know that everything depends on getting hold of the end? Just so is it in learning.

Never be ashamed to learn.—And in conformity to this, never be ashamed to confess your ignorance, in the presence of those who have more information than yourself. Many of us would be wiser, if it had not been for the conceit of being wise enough already.

Value the smallest fragments of knowledge.—In manufactories of gold, I have observed that they save the very sweepings of the floors, and put network at the windows: the little morsels and fine dust of the precious metals, thus saved in this city, amount to hundreds of dollars in a year.

Lay aside a little money to buy books.—There are certain books which every man should possess as his own: and every reading man desires by degrees to gather a little library for his wife and children. A trifling sum, set aside each month, and redeemed from amusements or luxuries. wil soon give an account of itself on your shelves.

Employ your pen.—This counsel, though less frequently given than others, is nevertheless far from being superfluous. There is a marvellous power in writing down what we know. It fixes the thoughts; reveals our ignorance; methodises our knowledge; aids our memory; and insures command of language. "Men acquire more knowledge," says Bishop Jewell, "by a frequent exercising of their pens, than by the reading of many books."

All men of high attainments agree in saying that the more valuable part of every one's education is that which he gives himself. In this there is high encouragement to go on and prosper. The mental accomplishment which is fully within your reach will double your capacity for action. When Aristippus was asked, wherein a learned and unlearned man differed, he replied: "Cast them both, naked, on a foreign shore, and you will see." Education will do for you, what sculpture does for the marble. Hence the famous saying of Socrates:—"I marvel that people should be willing to give so much for turning a stone into a man, and so little to prevent a man's turning into a stone."—*Tracts for the Times.*

THE FITCHBURG CATTLE SHOW.

The annual show and plowing match of the Worcester North Agricultural Society took place at Fitchburg yesterday. After the usual plowing match and the trial of working oxen, a procession was formed under the direction of Col. Ivers Phillips, the chief marshal, which proceeded to the Unitarian Church. Here an able address was delivered by Gov. Washburn. The church was crowded. At its conclusion, the procession reformed and proceeded to the Fitchburg Hotel, where the society and its friends dined. The president of the society, Hon. Moses Wood, presided, and introduced the speaking by a clear and excellent practical address. He spoke of the rugged character of North Worcester, the need there was of such efforts as this society are making, and the value of the encouragement given by the state to this and kindred societies. He was followed by Mr. Flint, the secretary of the board of agriculture, Governor Washburn, Hon. Nathaniel Wood, and Mr. Brooks, in eloquent speeches.—The several committees made their reports at the Town Hall, at 4 1-2 o'clock in the afternoon.

This exhibition is pronounced the most successful of this society. The show of fruit was excellent, as was that of mechanical and manufactured articles. These were exhibited in the hall of the new town house. The ladies, as usual, patriotically contributed in this work; and specimens of taste and skill were seen not only from the parlor, but the kitchen; but the premiums on bread were only awarded "to ladies less than twenty years of age." The day was beautiful, and thousands of the citizens of North Worcester thronged the streets of Fitchburg.—*Boston Post.*

A Bird Seeking Lodgings.—During the cold storm of Monday night, at a late hour, a small bird knocked for admittance at a window of a hotel which was illuminated by a light within. The occupant, supposing the noise to be the pattering of hail against the pane, gave it no attention. Presently the "rapping" commenced again, when the window was opened and in flew the little creature, apparently delighted to get into comfortable quarters, and confident of shelter and safety.

After coursing about the room as if to bathe itself in the warm air, it quietly selected its place, and depositing its head under its wing, went to sleep. It is difficult to say which of the occupants of the same apartment felt better satisfied with themselves, or slept more peacefully through the night. As the day broke, out broke the bird's greatful acknowledgments to the Protector of all, in a song, which for so tiny a body and a stranger, was remarkably loud and ecstatic. It was nearly famished, and ate and drank with an enviably appetite for its breakfast. Being now able to take care of itself, and not choosing to be dependent longer on charity, the little fellow insisted on being released; the window was opened, and out he went, to share his fortune with his tribe, thanking his friend as well as he could for his hospitality.—*Alb. Argus.*

LEVEE OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We were prevented by a pressure of duties from attending this banquet, which was as intellectual and harmonious, as the fruits and their juices were rich and rare.

Levee of the American Pomological Society.—By invitation of the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President of the American Pomological Society, now in session in this city, the delegates in attendance were invited to a levee at the Revere House. Many prominent citizens and official personages were also present. After an hour of social intercourse, the company marched into the dining hall, where a splendid repast was spread. The tables were loaded with the most tempting fruit, and ornamented with the magnificent flowers; from the chandeliers clusters of superb grapes were suspended, and added a crowning decoration to the festival.

Mr. Wilder welcomed the strangers from distant States to Boston, and expressed his gratification at meeting in a social manner the members of the Pomological Society. He said it was not his purpose to call upon his friends for formal speeches, nor to summon "spirits from the vasty deep"—nor to invoke the presence of the "rapping spirits"—nor should he, in these days of temperance and of the Maine law, before the Governor and Mayor, offer ardent spirits; but it was his purpose to place before the guests a specimen of American fruit—the berry and the *juice*. He expressed his indebtedness to generous and thoughtful friends in Ohio, who had forwarded some rich specimens of the juice of the grape for the purpose of having it tested by the members of the Pomological Society; he proposed, therefore, that the company resolve itself into a "Tasting Committee of the Whole" upon the Ohio vintage, and he would propose—

The Vintners of Ohio—By never allowing the juice of the grape to be distilled or adulterated, may they prove to the true promoters of temperance that it can produce joy without sorrow, and health without detriment to the public weal.

This sentiment was followed with a general report from bottles of "Longworth's Sparkling Catawba," "Werks's Isabella Wine," and American Hock. Short and appropriate addresses were made by Gov. Washburn, Mayor Smith, Hon. Mr. Benson of Maine, Ex-Mayor Seaver, Mr. Prince of Long Island, Mr. Barry of New York, Hon. Samuel Walker of Roxbury, W. S. King, Esq., Seth Sprague of Duxbury, Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, Hon. E. L. Keyes of Dedham, Hon. J. W. Proctor, and others. The Levee passed off in the happiest manner, and was in the highest degree creditable to the taste and liberality of Mr. Wilder.

We also copy below a vote of thanks of the Pomological Society, to its President, Col. Wilder, —and he justly merits every word said. No man has given his life more earnestly to a cause than he, and every lover of fruit and flowers, and all the sweet influences they exert upon us, will do something to sustain and promote the cause in which he is engaged.

Resolved, That the thanks of the society are most cordially presented to the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, for the prompt, able, and impartial manner in which he has presided over its deliberations; and we hereby assure him that the members will long cherish a lively recollection of the pleasure enjoyed at his bountiful and brilliant festive entertainment with which he complimented the society.

Mr. Lines of Connecticut was unwilling that this resolution should pass with a single vote. It was due to the gentleman who has presided over the discussions of the society with so much dignity and ability. He considered that the position in pomology which the President had reached, conferred more honor upon him than the Presidency of the United States could do. A gentleman who confers such immense benefits upon the whole country,—he might say the world,—as Hon. Mr. Wilder does, is entitled to distinguished honors. He hoped this resolution, too, would be passed by a standing vote.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

President Wilder made the following happy response to the last resolution:—

Gentlemen,—The resolution which you have just adopted awakens in me feelings of gratitude and affection. The interest which I have ever felt in the prosperity of this Association, has induced me to accept of your suffrages and to occupy the chair for another term.

I beg to tender you my grateful acknowledgements for your co-operation and support, and to assure you of my unabated interest in the objects of the Society and in your personal welfare. May you go on, prospering and to prosper, and when we have done cultivating the fruits of earth, may we have the unspeakable felicity to meet in celestial fields, and gather ambrosial fruits from the Tree of Life.

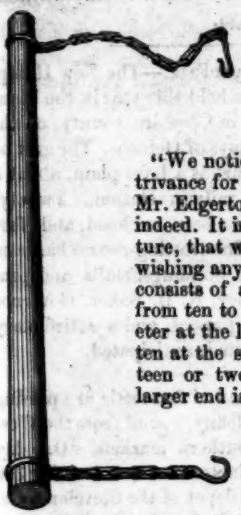
There being no more business before the convention, it adjourned at a quarter past two o'clock, to meet in Rochester, N. Y., in September, 1856.

☞ In Chili it does not rain because the trade winds, which are necessary to agitate the watery and the atmospheric oceans and keep them pure, sweep the clouds past South America, and drive some of them up against the Andes, where they are condensed by almost continual thunder showers and run down acrods the level country in co-

pious streams. Evaporation in this warm country is very brisk, and the vapor rising from the broad Pacific, being blown on the land by trade winds, falls in copious showers of dew, making Chili one of the most fruitful countries on the Pacific coast.

SIMPLE AND CHEAP STUMP-PULLER.

Now for a tug at the old stumps. Here is a contrivance so simple that any farmer may make one before breakfast, and the cost is so trifling, that if it does not operate to his entire satisfaction, he will have no regrets at having given it a fair trial. We find it sketched in the *Wisconsin and Iowa Farmer*.



"We noticed a very simple contrivance for pulling stumps, which Mr. Edgerton says works very well indeed. It is so simple in its structure, that we commend it to those wishing anything of the kind. It consists of a log of strong timber, from ten to twelve inches in diameter at the large end, and eight to ten at the smaller, and about sixteen or twenty feet long. To the larger end is attached a very heavy chain, about three feet long, with a very large and strong hook at the free end, while at the other there is a ring sufficiently large to slip over the larger end of the log or lever. To the small end of the lever a yoke of cattle is hitched. The manner of using it is as simple as the machine, and acts on the principle of some tooth-hooks of the dentist. The large hook is caught hold of some of the stronger roots, and the cattle are then driven round the stump so as to wind up the short heavy chain, and then continue on in the even tenor of their way, till the stump gives itself and surrenders its position. Thus they are removed, easily and rapidly. A rough sketch of this '*cork screw*' as it was technically called, we here give."

APPLES FOR COWS.

A good neighbor of ours tells us that he is feeding his cows in part on apples, and he things advantageously. It is his opinion, that apples, whether sweet or sour, in these times of scarcity of feed, are worth far more for cows, than to make into cider. He says they may be feed to cows in larger quantities, now that the grass is dry, and especially if a little hay from the barn be given, than if the pastures were as green as usual; that if you feed them in any quantity below the scouring point, they will increase the quantity without deteriorating the quality of the milk; but that if you go beyond that point, the milk will be diminished; and that the feeder should observe the effect, and stop feeding within the limit, if he would derive the greatest benefit from his apples as a feed for milch cows. Others have said that if cows are admitted to falling apples by degrees, they will soon learn to eat enough of them without eating too many. We know not how all this is, but our neighbor is a man of good sense and careful observation, and we are inclined to believe that he is right in thinking that the quantity should be limited; and we have no doubt that apples if fed in the best manner, are valuable for any kind of horned cattle, as we believe they are also for swine, and, for ought we know, for any kind of animals.—*Conn. Valley Farmer.*

For the New England Farmer.

STRICTURES ON PROF. MAPES' CULTURE OF CARROTS.

In the monthly *Farmer* for September, p. 401, are some severe strictures, on that mode of culture that drops radish or other quick vegetation seeds, in the same rows with carrots. I have known this to be done with good effect, as I supposed. The fact is the carrot vegetates so slow, that the weeds start ahead of it, and it is not easy at all times to see where it is. Now if you would stir the surface between the rows, with a hoe or weed cutter, it is a great convenience, to have the young radishes to show where the rows are. More than this, nothing will be lost by thus planting radishes, for they will have matured long before the ground is needed for the use of the carrot. It so seldom happens, that I find the Professor's notions to accord with my own, that I cannot be quiet, when his teachings are called "arrant nonsense." Perhaps I should not agree entirely, with the reasons he gives, for what he did; but of the utility of the practice I have no doubt.

The carrot crop, when understandingly pursued, is one of the most valuable on our farms. $200 worth to the acre can readily be grown on fair land.

P.

Sept. 7, 1854.

For the New England Farmer.

THE INDIAN CETONIA.

Simon Brown, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—The account of the Indian Cetonia, (*Cetonia Inda,*) printed in the *New England Farmer* for the 9th of September, was taken (with exception of the misprints) from the first edition of my book. In the second edition, which you should have consulted, will be found the following additional information respecting these pernicious beetles.

"Their love of sweets leads them to attack our finest peaches, which, as soon as ripe, they begin to devour, and in a few hours entirely spoil. I have taken a dozen of them from a single peach, into which they had burrowed so that nothing but the naked tips of their hind body could be seen. When touched, they leave a strong and disagreeable scent upon the fingers."

In my garden, they began the work of destruction this year by the middle of August, when they appeared on the Early York peaches, and they have successively attacked all the other kinds, as fast as the latter began to be mellow. These beetles, together with my neighbors' honey-bees, have spoiled fully one-third of my crop of peaches.

Yours truly,

Thaddeus William Harris.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 11, 1854.

THE CONCORD GRAPE.—*Messrs. Editors*:—Last Spring I procured, as did a large number of persons, the famous *Concord Grape*—the new seedling of E. W. Bull, Esq., of Concord, Mass. Many have been fearing,—and your correspondent among the number,—that this Grape would not answer the expectation that has been awakened in regard to it. Indeed not a few have expressed the belief that it would prove a "humbug."

I have just had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Bull's vine-yard; and the exhibition of his new seedling, now laden with luscious fruit, is. to me, perfectly satisfactory. The size, beauty, rich bloom, and fine flavor of this grape, fully answer the glowing descriptions that have been given of it. No one can look upon these wonderfully luxuriant vines, loaded with their rich clusters, without resolving to obtain one for his own garden.

I am glad to learn that the extensive sales and the increasing demand for this valuable grape, promise to remunerate Mr. B., in part at least, for his long continued toil and great expense, in obtaining for the country this new and choice seedling.—*Traveller*.

THE ROCKLAND HORTICULTURAL FAIR.—The annual fair of the Rockingham Agricultural Society was held in Exeter, N. H., on Thursday and Friday last. The town was filled with people, and much interest was manifested in all the proceedings of the exhibition. Under the auspices of Henry F. French, Esq., the President of the Association, every thing went off well. The towns of Epping, Hampton Falls, and Kensington, bore away the palm for town teams of cattle. The show of cattle generally was very fine, and the display of vegetables and fruits good. The annual address was delivered by the editor of the *Connecticut Valley Farmer*, and was an excellent production, replete with sound and practical sentiments.—*Boston Journal*.

THE FAIR IN PROVIDENCE.—The exercises of the annual Agricultural fair commenced in Providence Wednesday, and as we learn from the *Providence Journal*, attracted an immense concourse of people from the surrounding towns. Everything went off well, and the agricultural part of the exhibition was never finer or more interesting. The chief attractions were a plowing match, a drawing match, the cattle show, and the parade of ox teams. The horticultural department of the exhibition was large and beautiful, notwithstanding the effects of the drought were visible in the diminutive size of the fruit. The exhibition of woollen goods and cloths was more interesting than that of last year, and embraced many rich and elegant specimens of goods.

HAMPDEN COUNTY HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—We learn from the *Springfield Republican* that the second exhibition of the Hampden County Horticultural Society was opened in Hampden Hall on Tuesday afternoon, and displayed in all its various departments gratifying evidences of enterprising and successful effort for improved agriculture. The show of pomological specimens was extensive and creditable; and as for vegetables, Springfield challenges the commonwealth. The floral display was beautiful, although deprived of many attractions by the recent drought.

BREADSTUFFS.—A London paper says—"From this harvest to the next there can be no doubt the the difference in the price of wheat, compared with that in the previous twelve months, will be at least 20s a quarter in favor of the public, which on the whole consumption will amount to a boon of £25,000,000 to that body on wheat alone, besides corresponding relief in other grain. Even the cost of the war sinks to a trifle compared with this bounty from the skies; and, notwithstanding all the lavish expenditure incurred, we now stand better prepared for war by some twenty millions than a twelvemonth ago."

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.—The New Hampshire State Fair will be held this year in the beautiful town of Keene, in Cheshire county, on the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th days of October. The ground selected for the enclosure is a level plain, about a mile northeast of the railway station. Twenty-four acres of land have been enclosed, and furnished with water; a fine trotting-course has been laid out, and suitable buildings, stalls and pens erected. His Excellency, N. B. Baker, Governor of the State, will be present, and a satisfactory exhibition in all respects is anticipated.

☞ Thousands of head of fine cattle are passing every week through Albany, bound from the West to the Eastern and Southern markets. One day last week a train of nineteen cars, containing 300 head of beeves, left the depot of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, bound for New York by the way of Buffalo.

☞ Governor Price, of New Jersey, has caused circulars to be addressed to all the members of the last Legislature, requesting them to forward to the State Department such information as they may be able to gather in their respective counties of the extent of the drought, and the probable damage to the crops.

☞ At the annual Fair of the Agricultural Society of Columbian county, Ohio, two horses are to be awarded, one to the lady who shall give the most "skilful," and the other to the lady who shall give the most "graceful" exhibition of horsemanship.

☞ Three weeks ago common vegitables were cheaper in the London market than in the markets of Massachusetts; peas being from 36 to 75 cents a bushel; potatoes the same price, &c.

WORKING OXEN.—When oxen refuse to work equally well on either side, or when they pull off against each other, yoke them on the side you wish them to work, and turn them out to feed in that way; they soon get accustomed to it, and work afterwards on either side alike.—*American Farmer*.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

☞ A limited number of advertisements of an appropriate character will be inserted in the monthly Farmer at the following

RATES.

For one square 15 lines, one insertion.....$1,00
For each subsequent insertion.....50

☞ The above rates will be charged for all advertisements, whether longer or shorter.

Highland Nurseries,

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

A. SAUL & CO. have the pleasure to announce to their patrons and the public in general, that their stock of *Fruit and Ornamental Trees*, which they offer for sale the coming Autumn, is of the very best quality, and embraces every thing in their line that can be procured in the trade.

Dealers and Planters of Trees on a large scale, will be treated with on as liberal terms as can be done by any establishment of *reputation* in the country. They flatter themselves that for correctness of nomenclature of fruits, (which is a serious consideration to planters,) that their stock is as nearly perfect as it possibly can be, having been all propagated on their own grounds, from undoubted sources. They have propagated, in large quantities, all the leading standard varieties which are proved to be best adapted for general cultivation, especially those recommended by the American Pomological Congress at its several sessions, as well as all novelties of recent introduction, and kinds, particularly suited to certain localities, and sections of the Union and Canadas.

Their stock of Pear Trees is the largest they have ever had to offer for sale, and among the largest in the country, and consists of over 50,000 saleable trees.

The stock of Apple Trees is also very large, as well as Plums, Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, Quinces and Nectarines. Also, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c. &c. &c.

Pears on Quince, Cherry on Mahaleb, and Apple on Paradise stocks, for pyramids and dwarfs for garden culture, and of which there is a choice assortment of the kinds that succeed best on those stocks.

DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS,

Embracing all the known kinds suitable for street planting, of *extra size*; also, the more rare and select, as well as all the well known kinds suitable for Arboretums, Lawn and Door-Yard planting, &c., including Weeping Trees, Vines, Garden and Climbing Roses in great variety. Hybrid Perpetuals, Hybrid China, Hybrid Bourbons, Hybrid Damasks, Hybrid Provence, and Bourbon, Tea, China, and Noisette, and Prairie and other Climbing Roses.

A large quantity of Arbor Vitæ for Screens, Buckthorn, Osage Orange, and other hedge plants.

The above will be sold on as liberal terms as similar stock can be purchased elsewhere. For further particulars see catalogues, a new edition of which is just issued, and will be forwarded to all *post-paid* applicants by mail, on enclosing a post-office stamp to prepay postage. A liberal discount will be made to purchasers who buy to sell again, and extensive planters on their own account.

P. S. Freight paid to New York.

Oct. 1, 1854. 1m

Fishkill Landing Nurseries.

The subscriber is again desirous of calling attention to his large stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, &c. &c., consisting in part of

30,000 Apple, of the most approved varieties.
15,000 Pear, of all the leading sorts.
15,000 Cherry,—1 to 3 years from the bud.
20,000 Plum, from 1 to 3 years in the bud, together with Apricot, Nectarine, Quince, &c.
10,000 Deciduous Ornamental Trees, consisting of European and American Oaks, Beech, Linden, Elm, Ash, Tulip Trees, Osage Orange, Chestnut, Sicamore, Larch, Maple, Pawlonia, Birch, Horse Chestnut, Mountain Ash and Weeping Willow.
15,000 Evergreen Trees, embracing nearly all the rare sorts that are desirable, both European and American. Also, a large stock of Hedge Plants, such as Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar, &c. Of flowering Shrubs, Roses, Grape Vines, and Climbing Plants, a fine stock—all of which will be sold at reduced prices.

Trees, &c., when ordered, will be taken up carefully, correctly labeled, packed in the best manner, forwarded agreeable to order, and with the least possible delay.

☞ Catalogues sent to all who apply, post-paid, and enclose a postage stamp. DANIEL BRINCKERHOFF.

Fishkill Landing, Oct. 1, 1854. 1m

THE BOSTON AND WORCESTER

EAGLE DOUBLE PLOWS.

THE superior merits of these Plows consist in

1. The mode of attaching the forward mould-board to the beam, by which great strength and durability are secured, as also the various desirable changes in debt of work and relative depth of each plow, the same being regulated to any shade of nicety, with perfect facility:

2. The entire and handsome overturning of the sod furrow, by the forward mould-board, to the extent of the whole width of furrow taken by the plow, placing it beneath, out of the way of the teeth of the harrow, cultivator, or other implement, so that it is in no case dragged to the surface in the after cultivation of the crop:

3. The thorough and finished work done by the rear mould-board, in taking up its furrow of under soil and sifting or scattering it over the inverted sod, so as to entirely fill to the surface, and at the same time break open any undue cohesion of the soil, leaving the plowed land in a perfectly pulverized condition, requiring little labor with the harrow or other surface-working instrument,—and indeed, in all tolerably free loams, rendering the use of these instruments, as pulverizers, quite unnecessary:

4. The remarkably light draught of the plow, in proportion to the amount of work and the thoroughness of pulverization accomplished.

Several sizes of the BOSTON AND WORCESTER EAGLE DOUBLE PLOW, are made by the subscribers, from patterns of their own original invention. They invite their friends and customers to examine these Plows, as to quality and durability of material, thoroughness and finish of construction, and to test their working properties.

Manufactory at Worcester, and Warehouse, Quincy Hall, over the Market, Boston.

RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON & CO.

April 30, 1853.

Super-Phosphate of Lime.

THIS celebrated Fertilizer, where it has been fairly tested the last year, has been found equal, and in many cases superior to the best Peruvian Guano in its immediate effect, and much more permanently beneficial to the land. It is adapted to any soil in which there is a deficiency of *Phosphate*, which is often the case. All crops are benefited by its application. It is composed of ground bone, decomposed by sulphuric acid, to which is added a due proportion of Peruvian Guano, Sulphate of Ammonia, &c.

For sale, with full directions for use, in bags of 150 pounds each. No charge for package. All bags will be branded "C. B. DeBurg, No. 1 Super-Phosphate of Lime."

GEO. DAVENPORT,

Agent for the manufacturer, 5 Commercial, corner of Chatham Street, Boston.

Feb. 18, 1854. tf

Oyster Shell Lime.

I HAVE on hand, and am constantly manufacturing this article for farming purposes. It has also been extensively used during the last season for laying the walls of cellars, and stone work of a similar nature, and is found to answer this purpose equally as well as the best stone lime. After 1st March, the prices will be as follows:

For less than 50 bbls.....50c
Or over 50 bbls.....40c
In Bulk—a large car load containing 80 bbls.....30c
A small car load containing 40 bbls.....35c ₩ bbl.

delivered at either depot in Boston or Charlestown.

JAMES GOULD,

Feb. 18, 1854. tf 70 State Street

QUINCY HOUSE.

BY ALANSON LONG,

KEPT ON STRICTLY TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES,

No. 1 BRATTLE SQUARE,

☞ Opposite Brattle St. Church, BOSTON.

Nov. 1 tf

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☞ Terms, $1,00 per annum in advance.

☞ All subscriptions to commence with the volume, Jan. 1.

The FARMER is devoted *exclusively* to Agriculture, Horticulture, and their kindred Arts and Sciences; making a neat volume of 576 octavo pages, embellished with numerous engravings. It may be elegantly bound in muslin, embossed and gilt, at 25 cts. a volume, if left at the office of publication.

☞ Also published at the same office every Saturday, on a large handsome folio sheet, the

NEW ENGLAND FARMER, (WEEKLY,)

An Independent Agricultural Family Newspaper.

The News and Miscellaneous departments, under the charge of WILLIAM SIMONDS, will include a full and careful report of the news of the Markets, and the news of the week, such as Domestic, Foreign and Marine Intelligence, Congressional and Legislative proceedings, Temperance and Religious Intelligence, and a general variety of Literary and Miscellaneous matter, adapted to family reading, comprising more useful and valuable reading matter than any other Agricultural Newspaper published in New England. Everything of a hurtful or even doubtful tendency will be carefully excluded from its columns.

☞ Terms $2,00 per annum in advance.

The monthly contains nearly the same matter as the Agricultural department of the weekly.

☞ Postmasters and others, who will forward four new subscribers on the above named terms, for either publication, shall receive a fifth copy gratis for one year.

☞ All orders and letters should be addressed, *post-paid.*

RAYNOLDS & NOURSE,

QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

☞ POSTAGE.—The postage on the New England Farmer, monthly, is 1½ cents per quarter, or 6 cents per year, to any part of the United States, to be paid in advance at the office where the same is receive.

Trees.

A large lot of extra sized Apple trees, comprising 40 or 50 of the best varieties, and in excellent order for setting in Orchards, are now for sale low at the Nursery of the subscriber.

Also, a lot of Plum trees, Cherry trees, &c.

JAS. S. DRAPER

Wayland, April 15, 1854. tf

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

The proprietors offer for sale an extensive assortment of fruit and ornamental trees, comprising all the choice standard varieties, for the Garden or Orchard; also Currants, Gooseberries, Grape Vines &c. 1000 Buckthorn and Arbor Vitæ for Hedges.

S. & G. HYDE.

Newton Corner, March 18, 1854. w*tf

For Sale.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale, on which he now lives, and will give immediate possession The farm consists of 75 acres of good land, a one-story House, Shop, Barn, Sheds, &c., mostly new, with first rate, never failing water in the house, also a good wood-lot near by, a superior garden with a variety of fruit trees. This farm is situated in WARWICK, Mass., 2½ miles from the Centre, ½ mile from school, 1 mile from Grist and Saw Mill, and 6 miles from South Orange depot.

Any one wanting a pleasant, healthy farm, can have a more particular description by dropping a line to the subscriber.

JOSHUA T. SANGER.

Aug. 26, 1854. tf

Superior Imported Stock.

The subscriber offers for a limited period, to allow the use of the following unrivalled stock of cattle, to all persons wishing to improve their farm stock, *who will agree to rear the young.*

Full Blood Alderney Bull "Major Jack Downing," Full Blood Ayrshire Bull, "Washington," First Premium Mackay Boar, "Webster."

W. G. LEWIS,
Lawn Farm, Framingham.

July 8, 1854. tf

Fertilizers.

BEST PERUVIAN GUANO.
Super-Phosphate of Lime.—"DeBurg's No. 1."
Poudrette, of the best quality.
Ground Plaster, suitable for agricultural purposes.
Ground Bone, Bone Dust and Burnt Bone.
Also, Grass Seeds of reliable quality at the lowest market price.

GEO. DAVENPORT,
5 Commercial, corner of Chatham Street, Boston.

Feb. 18, 1854. tf*

Ground Plaster,

FOR SALE, at White's Mills, HAVERHILL, Mass. Apply to JAMES D. WHITE.

Every Farmer who desires to renovate poor pastures, improve his mowing, increase and improve his crops of corn and potatoes, should give this article a full trial; it is a great addition to any compost heap.

Fine clover usually follows the sowing of plaster.

Jan. 28, 1854. tf.

Suffolk Swine.

The subscriber offers to the Farmers in Concord, and to all others who wish to improve their stock, the services of his justly celebrated full blood imported Suffolk boar, BULRUSH.

Said boar was imported from England by he subscriber last season, is now 20 months old, and is remarkably hardy and vigorous, and his stock has proved to be very superior.

JOHN RAYNOLDS.

Concord, Mass., Aug. 19. tf